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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE General Arbitration Treaties of the United States with Great Britain and with France were signed at Washington last Thursday. As we write, they are in process of ratification by the Senate. According to the summary published last May, the treaties expand the scope of all existing treaties between Great Powers by including questions of honor and of vital interest. On the agreement of both parties, any issue arising may be submitted for arbitration to The Hague or to some special tribunal. If either party object to this procedure on the ground that the issue is not judiciable, the matter goes to a Commission of Inquiry, made up of nationals of the two Governments. This Commission can decide in favor of arbitration, such arbitration to be conducted under terms of submission determined by the Senate. Or the Commission may itself pursue an investigation, making recommendations which, though having no binding force, will afford further delay and opportunities of diplomatic settlement.

* * *

THE Government announcement that an adjournment of the House would take place on August 18th with a view to an autumn session beginning at the end of September or early in October, came as no surprise. Everybody feels it to be a regrettable necessity. A few stout-hearted politicians would have preferred to sit on, but the popularity of the Insurance Bill is not such as to

have shown any likelihood of a full attendance. It has for some time been evident that so complicated a measure could not fairly, or even unfairly, be got through in time for an August adjournment. The worst effect of an autumn session is, of course, that it trenches on the time for preparation of the next session's work, a grave injury in the case of so heavy a task as lies before the Government next year.

* * *

ON Monday night Lord Morley issued a whip to all supposed supporters of the Government in the House of Lords, announcing that "The Parliament Bill is expected to come up from the House of Commons at the beginning of next week, and the decision of the House of Lords will probably be taken on Wednesday, August 9th." He asked for a reply intimating their intention to attend. This appears to be the first attempt on the part of the Government to ascertain the number of their supporters. Meanwhile the counting of Hedgers and Ditchers goes on merrily. A full half of the Peerage appears to have given in their names to Lord Lansdowne, precisely on what terms it is not clear, though this is possibly a point of vital importance. For the "Times" Parliamentary Correspondent makes it obvious that, if the Government is counting on the votes of those followers of Lord Lansdowne who are even prepared to go into the lobby with the Government, they may find themselves no better off, because other Lansdowne Peers will consider that such action releases them from their provisional hedging, and justifies them in becoming "ditchers." The Duke of Norfolk announces that he has written to Lord Lansdowne in this sense. So this elaborate counting of heads means comparatively little after all.

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ON Wednesday came a new move of the "legitimists" in the shape of "a vote of censure," to be moved by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons next Monday, and by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords on Tuesday. The terms of the motion are: "That the advice given to his Majesty by his Majesty's Ministers, whereby they obtained from his Majesty a pledge that a sufficient number of peers would be created to pass the Parliament Bill in the shape in which it left this House, is a gross violation of constitutional liberty, whereby, among other ill-consequences, the people will be precluded from again pronouncing on the policy of Home Rule." The evident purpose of this step, which came as a surprise to both sides, is to heal the party breach and to give weak "ditchers" an opportunity of blowing out their indignation in a vote of censure, which means nothing, instead of "fighting to a finish." As an attack upon the Government it is, of course, a futile after-thought.

* * *

THIS week Mr. George has made great strides towards a settlement of the difficulties with the doctors. On Monday night the discussion of Clause 12 of the Insurance Bill opened up the grievances which the hospitals find in the supposed action of the measure. Their advocates argued that while more work would be put upon the hospitals, their revenues would be impaired by a diminution of the present support from employers and workmen. Mr. George urged

in reply that the withdrawal of the bulk of the outpatients (for whom provision would be made under the Bill for treatment at home) would considerably lighten the work of hospitals. He did not believe that employers or workers would cease their contributions to the hospitals. Most workmen would go on paying the penny they paid now. The experience of the Employers' Liability Act supported the same conclusion in the case of employers. With regard to revenue, his amendment, already announced, provided that a substantial contribution would be made out of the benefit of workers without families, while the local Health Committees would find it advantageous to contribute to the upkeep of the local hospitals.

* * *

ON Tuesday a very important announcement was made relating to the administration of the medical benefit. Clause 13 provided that it should be administered by the approved societies, except, of course, in the case of the Post Office subscribers, for whom the Local Health Committee would act. Dr. Addison proposed that the whole of the benefit should be administered by the Health Committees. Mr. George, though leaving it an open question for the Committee, strongly supported the proposal. Not merely would it be advantageous from the standpoint of unity and efficiency of local administration, removing friction between the Clubs and the medical profession, but it would be for the best interests of the Clubs. For the tendency of the cost of medical benefits must be to increase. "If the friendly societies in future undertook the cost of medical benefit . . . it would inevitably involve their having to make an additional levy or decrease their other benefits. . . . If they handed it over to the Local Health Committees, the excess of medical benefit would in future have to be divided between the rates and taxes." This view received the general assent of the House, and Dr. Addison's amendment was carried by 387 to 16.

* * *

WEDNESDAY brought up the critical issue of the income limit, perhaps the most obstinate and difficult of the doctors' demands. Sir P. Magnus raised it in an amendment urging a limit of £104 a year for the operation of the medical benefit. He would throw upon every claimant for medical relief the obligation of showing that his income was under £2 a week. Mr. Lloyd George met this by pointing out the unreliability of any single rigid money test as evidence of ability to pay, and the difficulty of ascertaining what was an income of £104, owing to irregularities of trade and wages. Finally, he expressed himself favorable to an amendment of Dr. Addison, enabling the Health Committees and the local doctors to agree upon a rough-and-ready limit accommodated to the circumstances of each neighborhood.

* * *

THERE is an absence of positive news about Morocco. After last week's deadlock it is agreed that negotiations have moved on to an easier basis. The "Temps" calls for an International Conference. Its lead has been followed generally, though the "Journal des Débats" holds a Conference to be either needless or positively hampering to French interests. Much was hoped by some Frenchmen from the meeting between the Kaiser and Herr Kiderlen-Wächter, but it is believed that their conversation only served to show an identity of view. There are, however, rumors in the German Radical papers that the Foreign Secretary may resign. The "Times" of Thursday, moreover, wrote in an optimistic vein, on the assumption that Germany would reduce her demands to a more or less modest rectification of frontiers

in the Gabun. An absurd incident has been reported from Agadir. The correspondents of the "Westminster Gazette" and the "Daily Express" were refused permission to travel by the Moorish Kaid. The German commander of the "Panther" offered to help them, but they thought it becoming to refuse his aid—a rare breach of the solidarity which all Europeans commonly display in uncivilised countries.

* * *

TURKEY has at last conceded all the demands of the Albanian insurgents, except their stipulation for an international guarantee, and they have wisely abandoned this provocative condition. The rebellion is, therefore, at an end, and the Turks may consider themselves remarkably lucky in dealing with it as a local tribal revolt before it had yet become a national Albanian rising. The terms include a full amnesty, a promise to appoint as Mudirs (sub-prefects) the elected tribal chiefs (bairale-tars), relief from taxation for two years, the reduction of the sheep tax, freedom for the vernacular in all schools, the building of roads, and generous measures of relief in money and grain. Meanwhile, the Macedonian Relief Fund has issued an appeal for funds to aid the Albanians, signed by the Bishop of London, the Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, Mr. Noel Buxton, Sir Arthur Evans, and others. It must be remembered that no crops have been sown this spring, that all the upland villages have been burned, and that the peasants have lost their capital of cattle. The end of the rebellion has only made more urgent the task of restoring this gallant, but always poor, community.

* * *

IT would seem that this fortunate settlement is primarily a success for Russian and Montenegrin diplomacy. Austria at one time talked hotly, but apparently had no share in the final negotiations, and was evidently ignorant of their tenor. Montenegro has done well for herself out of the complication, and obtains, as an incidental *pourboire*, a frontier post, a railway from Scutari to Antivari, and part benefits of a drainage scheme for the marshes round Lake Scutari. Her charity to the Albanians has not gone unrequited. The future depends on the ability of the Young Turks to profit by this rather severe lesson. If they will respect the local autonomy of the Albanian tribes, they may yet escape a national rising. The Committee is evidently rent in factions, and internecine murders, chiefly of officers, have been frequent in the past week. Sir William Ramsay, perhaps the best and the staunchest friend the Young Turks have had in England, finally throws them over in an article in the "Manchester Guardian," accuses them of planning the Adana massacres, and even accepts a story that the Armenian peasants were slaughtered there in order to clear lands for Jewish colonists. Incredible though such a charge may seem, one cannot lightly dismiss the testimony of a writer so sober and experienced as this veteran archaeologist.

* * *

THERE is no reliable news either as to the march of the ex-Shah on Teheran or of the starting of any Nationalist army to oppose him. No one hurries in Persia. The issue of the eventual conflict is said to be rather doubtful. Russia and Britain have declared their neutrality, adding, however, that the Shah has forfeited his pension. The Persian Government has put a price on his head. Meanwhile, Russian diplomacy (seconded by Germany) is doing its utmost to frustrate the work of Mr. Shuster, the American engaged to reorganise the finances of the country. There are also hot protests

from St. Petersburg against the selection by the Persians of Major Stokes to organise the Treasury Gendarmerie—apparently a force which collects taxes. He was not nominated by Great Britain; indeed he has been officially disavowed. The "Novoe Vremya" compares him to Colonel Liakhoff. But he has taken and can take no share in civil strife. He is not, as the Colonel was, an officer on the active list. And, finally, the Russians seem to forget that, although Liakhoff was withdrawn, other Russian Cossacks took his place. There is every sign that Anglo-Russian relations in Persia are considerably strained.

* * *

THE election contest has begun in Canada, and the polling has been fixed for September 21st. The addresses of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden treat reciprocity as the sole issue. The latter complains that the election has been rushed before the automatic redistribution of seats, which was due, had been effected. There is nothing new in their arguments for and against reciprocity, and perhaps the cleverest contribution to the discussion comes from Mr. Sifton, the dissentient Liberal, who harps on the dread of the invasion of the American Trust. But the Canadian farmer may not be sorry to welcome a rival to the local monopolies, and may be tempted to reply that complete free trade is the cure for both evils. Unluckily, the speeding-up of the contest has checked the appearance in the field of an independent farmers' party, which is not ready as yet to put forward candidates. The only independent group will be the vigorous Nationalist Party, under Mr. Bourassa, which assails Sir Wilfrid Laurier for his excessive Imperialism—a charge which will seem odd to those who remember his very independent part in the Imperial Conference.

* * *

THE trouble brewing for some time in the Port of London has this week taken shape in a formidable strike of dock laborers. Beginning with the dockers employed in the Albert and Victoria Docks, it has already spread so as to include some 20,000 men, and a serious stoppage of unloading has occurred. As in some other recent waterside disputes, the cause is obscure. Last week a formal agreement was signed between the Port of London Authority and their employees, by which the wages of the latter were advanced from 6d. to 7d. per hour. The employees of a number of shipping companies, already receiving the higher scale, were supposed to have assented to this agreement, and to have submitted to arbitration their own demands for a rise from 7d. to 8d., with 1s. for overtime, and payment for mealtime. They now deny that their leaders were justified in thus postponing their claims. There seems, however, a fair prospect that the difficulty can be met by an immediate application of the arbitral machinery. The leaders of the strikers announce that, pending the arbitration, they will not call out any more men.

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UNFAVORABLE rumors had been afloat in financial circles for some time past relating to the condition of the Yorkshire Penny Bank, one of the oldest and most reputable working-class savings banks in the country. Happily, before any popular fears had time to gather force, the strong action of the Bank of England intervened, and on Thursday it was announced that the constitution of the Penny Bank was to be changed from that of a company by way of guarantee—the form it has had for fifty years—to a company by way of capital. A powerful group of banks doing business in Yorkshire has guaranteed a sum of £2,000,000 to form the new company, which will take over the liabilities and

assets of the Yorkshire Penny Bank, while a further group of banks, including the Bank of England itself, has agreed to give individual guarantees adequate to provide against any future depreciation of securities beyond an agreed amount. "By these arrangements," the official communication says, "the Yorkshire Penny Bank will be made one of the strongest institutions in the country."

* * *

By the deaths, on Wednesday last, of Dean Gregory and Dr. Francis Paget, the Church of England loses two men who were representative of two distinct phases in its later development. A disciple of Newman, and a friend of Keble, Pusey, Church, and Liddon, Dean Gregory held from the Tractarians. He was an ardent fighter for denominational education, fiercely opposed the Public Worship Regulation Act, and, both in and out of Convocation, championed the clergy who resisted the authority of the Secular Courts in ecclesiastical affairs. Neither a great scholar nor a great preacher, his chief service to the Church was the part he took in making St. Paul's Cathedral a centre of religious life and worship in London. It was largely through his agency that the finances of the Cathedral were reorganised on a satisfactory basis, abuses removed, and the services so conducted that Gladstone was able to say that no single church in England did so much as St. Paul's in the way of direct ministrations for the great masses of the people. Dr. Paget was, like Dean Gregory, a High Churchman, but of a more liberal temper. He was one of the contributors to "Lux Mundi," and, by his visitation charges and his action as a member of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, he alienated the extreme ritualists. As Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, he was hardly a success. It required a man of exceptional gifts to succeed the late Bishop of Lincoln, and Dr. Paget's manner failed to show the sympathy and enthusiasm he felt. On the other hand, he made an excellent Bishop of Oxford, ruling a difficult diocese with tact and firmness.

* * *

MR. EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, the Royal Academician, died on Thursday last at the age of fifty-nine. Mr. Abbey had already gained a reputation as an illustrator in the United States, when he came to this country in 1878, and, though it was not till 1890 that he exhibited his first oil-picture at the Academy, his talent was quickly recognised by the artistic circle in which he moved. He became an Associate in 1896, and a full member two years later; and during the past fourteen years his pictures at Burlington House have always attracted a large share of popular attention. The "Richard the Third and Lady Anne" (1896), and the "Trial of Queen Katherine" (1901) were especially noteworthy canvases, in which his great gift of draughtsmanship and his power of arranging masses of daringly rich color were strikingly shown. The decorative instinct which these illustrative paintings displayed found even fuller scope in the wall-decorations which he executed for the Boston Public Library, the London Royal Exchange, and the State Capitol of Pennsylvania; while his picture of the Coronation of Edward VII. was generally acknowledged to be a remarkably successful solution of an almost hopeless artistic problem. Mr. Abbey's Shakespearean illustrations alone give proof of the just imagination and genuine feeling for beauty that lay behind his fine craftsmanship; and these faculties, combined with an unusual capacity for monumental design, give him an unique place even among the gifted American painters whom we have been proud to label British artists.

Politics and Affairs.

THE END OF THE VETO.

THE very word crisis seems to be losing all its former significance. Once it was imaged as a short, quick edge of judgment. Now it is an ample, sprawling tableland on which rival herdsmen wander for weeks in a misty atmosphere counting their lost cattle, and conducting endless dialectical contests upon such questions as whether the truly virtuous man is he who has the courage to appear a coward, or he who refuses to admit himself beaten when he ought to know he really is. On the mere dialectics of the issue between "hedgers" and "ditchers," the latter appear to us to have a strong case. It seems only consistent that those who a few weeks ago vitally amended the Parliament Bill, well knowing at the time what force the Government were holding in reserve, should stand by their amendments until that force was visibly brought into operation. Such a course undoubtedly shows more self-respect, and would probably evoke more faith among their followers in the country in their alleged determination to reverse the measure when next they are returned to power. On the other hand, the hedgers can claim that their conculsive policy is eminently English, that it stoops, if not to conquer, at any rate to dodge the full force of the blow, and that it leaves them the limbs, if not the heart, to fight another day. What is particularly foolish, however, is for hedgers to pretend that their quite defensible doctrine of expediency is really as dignified and brave as fighting a forlorn hope. Mr. Balfour is so infatuated as to enter a serious argument upon the abuse of fighting metaphors. He ought to know better than to argue against a metaphor. Whether he likes to or not, he and his following will go down to history as hedgers, and the ditchers will carry off the prize for valor.

Meanwhile the general feeling of the followers of the Government in the House and country is that the Lords have had rope enough, and a distinct sense of relief has spread since Lord Morley's whip was issued announcing next Wednesday as the probable day of doom. The belated challenge flung down by Mr. Balfour will not presumably postpone this settlement, though incidentally no doubt it is designed to play for delay. As everybody well understands, it was not intended primarily as an assault upon the Government, but partly to conciliate, partly to embarrass, the ditchers, partly also as an inspiriting display for the Unionist electorate. The hundred Peers or so who are not known to have declared themselves are invited to work off any pugnacity their nature holds in a sham-fight instead of in the sterner struggle to which Lord Halsbury invites them. By this means it is hoped, perhaps, that the Government may be led, or misled, into believing they can safely risk a vote without creating Peers. If that belief is sound, the Bill goes through on a division which will show the ditchers at their feeblest number, and Mr. Balfour will appear to have justified his tactics. If it is unsound, the ditchers turning out too numerous, and the Government receiving no substantial support from the Montrose group, so much the better—the Government

is flouted and humiliated before the country. Substance there is none in the vote of censure. The pretence that anything whatever hangs upon the date at which the guarantees were procured from the King is too childish for serious consideration. It has been generally understood that, before consenting to the quite supererogatory course of last December's election, Mr. Asquith took the necessary means to secure finality for the people's verdict on the veto policy. It would, indeed, have been mere foolishness to have put the country to the trouble of another election without doing so. But any guarantee then given must, of course, be contingent upon the actual emergency arising, and it was necessary to play the formal Parliamentary game up to this emergency point. Mr. Balfour knows this as well as anybody, and his indignation is ill-founded. The impudence of the charge that the advice given to the King was "a gross violation of Constitutional liberty" is so extreme as to arouse, not annoyance, but a burst of ridicule among supporters of the Government who have been waiting for five long years for the restoration of the rights of self-government to the representatives of the people.

From the passing of the Campbell-Bannerman resolutions in 1906 the hopes and interests of Liberals have been focussed steadily upon the consummation now close at hand. In the judgment of many there have been needless delay and an injurious amount of conciliation in the maturing and preparation of the policy that was inevitable from the beginning. Even now that two elections have expressly authorised and demanded the use of the only method by which the end can be attained, the extreme punctilio of the Government, and their scrupulous anxiety to achieve their purpose without the use of constitutional force, appear to the ruder politician of either party somewhat quixotic. Tories, instead of being impressed or conciliated by such lingering toleration, openly taunt the Government with cowardice. Many Liberals still fear lest the slippery art of political arithmetic, in which they are evidently entangled, may lead them into a trap. It is pretty evident that far more peers have refused to pledge themselves to Lord Lansdowne than are required to outvote the Liberal peers, themselves a highly problematical quantity. The sympathy of most of these undeclared peers is almost certainly with the ditchers, and it would be unwise for the Government to act upon any other hypothesis. If it is true that a number of Lord Lansdowne's men have declared their intention of going over to Lord Halsbury in the event of other Unionist peers voting with the Government, the latter runs a considerable risk if, out of consideration for the Throne or for the Opposition, it refrains from using the one weapon which can ensure success. Last week the burden of evidence was heavy against the necessity of making peers, and it was thought that even if peers must be made, a small creation would suffice. But it was then supposed that Lord Lansdowne's list would be reliable, and that all those upon it would at least be pledged to abstinence, while some of them had expressed their willingness to go into the lobby with the Government in case of an emergency. It now appears that no reliance can be put upon this list. The

Duke of Norfolk, for instance, expressly revokes his conditional pledge, in the event of any Unionist peers voting with the Government, and many others are believed to have placed a similar qualification upon their assent to Lord Lansdowne's position. If this be so, the Government would be taking a very dangerous course in deciding, as it is rumored they have decided, to send up the Bill to the Lords next week without creation of peers. It is, of course, true that a failure thus to carry it by means of the present handful of Liberal peers would not be fatal to the measure. But it would involve the immediate arrangement for a new Session, a course not only highly inconvenient but exceedingly damaging to the prestige of the Government, which would be held by Radicals and Labor men to have yielded to motives of fear or servility. Of course, if Lord Lansdowne has been able to give an assurance that his followers will act upon the advice tendered by their leader, well and good. But failing such definite assurance, the Government, in our opinion, ought not to act on any speculative calculations of their own. Unless they know that their voting strength is adequate, they ought to take the straightforward course of making enough peers to vote down the full ranks of the Opposition. The Liberal Party is not at all appalled by the magnitude of such an action. It has waited long and shown much forbearance. It now expects no more delay, no further risks, and determined action.

MOROCCO AND PUBLIC LAW.

A WEEK of conjectures and anxieties has ended, at length, in a confession which we may read at choice in English, French, or German, that nothing whatever is known regarding the Franco-German conversations on Morocco. That they have not been broken off, all agree. That they have entered on some new phase, most conjecture. That there is no reason either for pessimism or for optimism is the wise, if sceptical, conclusion of a semi-official statement issued in London. It is an altogether singular spectacle. Here is a subject which profoundly concerns, and might, if mismanaged, embroil the three leading Powers of Europe. It is in the hands chiefly of new men. M. de Selves at the French Foreign Office is unknown and untried. M. Caillaux, his Premier, though a capable financier and an experienced Parliamentarian, is a novice in foreign affairs. Herr Kiderlen-Wächter has been at the head of German diplomacy only for a few months, and when first he faced the Reichstag his inability to give a clear explanation of his policy was so ludicrous that, amid good-natured laughter, he was mercifully refused a hearing. Sir Edward Grey may, indeed, rank by now as a veteran, but he does not yet participate in the discussion. The fate of Morocco and the immediate destinies of Europe are, in short, controlled by four or five men who may, indeed, be able, sage, and conscientious, but of whom we should all frankly admit that we trust them—if we trust them at all—simply because they are the men in office. The spectacle is already making its salutary impression, at all events in France, where the plain man understands rather more clearly and cynically than the

average Englishman, that M. Caillaux and M. de Selves are doing their work surrounded by greedy and clever groups of financiers, to whom Morocco and the Congo (and, incidentally, the peace of Europe and the honor of France) mean nothing but the profitable flotation of loans and companies. Such an experience rarely issues in immediate action. One cannot well get up in the midst of such a crisis as this and insist that the wheels of diplomacy shall stand still until a new mechanism is devised. But men who have once realised that the peace of Europe has been endangered (or for that matter secured), because it suited the Schneiders to come to terms with the Krupps, or because one group of bankers was rather more clever than its rival in bringing direct influence to bear within the offices of the Quai d'Orsay or the "Temps," are likely to use their enlightenment to some purpose in demanding a control over the secret manœuvres of diplomacy at once regular, effective, and democratic.

Nothing is precisely known about the details or present position of these conversations, but the framework of the negotiations is draped in no affected mystery. Germany has offered to withdraw her ships from Agadir, and to recognise, apparently in any form that may be desired, the political supremacy of France in Morocco. Precisely how much or how little she will accept as the price of this concession, we do not know, and possibly she has not yet fixed her own minimum. It will be a slice, and perhaps a very large slice, of the French Congo. There have been hints that she might, as one item in the bargain, surrender German Togoland, and we presume that terms would be included for the participation of German capital in the various profitable undertakings to which the absorption of Morocco will give prolific birth. With the terms of this barter we are in no way concerned. It is a matter of complete indifference to us which Power does the better in the deal. The plain fact is, of course, that neither nation is at all concerned in the deal. The whole question is as to the amount of profit which this bank may make out of that usurious loan, which that contractor may extract from building a railway through a Moslem graveyard, and then by carrying and catering for the punitive force which asserts his right to do so, what a German group may make by digging copper from the Atlas, or a French group by driving the natives of the Gabun to collect wild rubber. All this begins to concern the mass of working-men, simple or educated, in France and Germany only in so far as the conscript armies which they supply are indirectly an element in the negotiations. The whole game touches patriotism and national interest no more than the exchange of a cartload of French wines against a truck of Munich beer, until it begins to be seen that a million or so of men in blue trousers stand behind one group of colonial capitalists and a million or so in red trousers behind the other. But apart from the price which France may agree to pay and Germany to accept, there is an issue which is the affair of all Europe. They may do as they please with Togo and Gabun, which by the mysteries of destiny belong to them. But Morocco happens to be a country with a certain international status. Its independence and integrity have been

guaranteed by all the Powers, and a course of reforms prescribed which were nominally intended to restore it to the reality of a civilised national life. Though the Act of Algeciras was a culpably halting and ambiguous document, and though it authorised France in one way and another to drive wedges into this independent State, it did not in any avowed words assign to her a position of control or protection. Nothing in that Act authorises the permanent occupation of the Shawia country, or an expedition to Fez, or the fortification on permanent lines of the road to Fez, or the Spanish occupation of Larache. The present position is flagrantly illegal. So far as French interests go, Germany is acting quite fairly by France in offering to accept these usurpations at a price. It is arrant hypocrisy on the part of France to declare now that Germany has nothing to sell in Morocco. The present conversations are only a more noisy and dramatic continuation of the bargain of 1909, when France herself bought a recognition of her political position in Morocco in return for economic concessions to Germany which she has not yet paid over either in Morocco or in the Gabun country. The illegality and ignoring of Europe began then, or rather they began five years earlier when we bartered Morocco for Egypt. We can conceive that practical men may be tempted to smile at the mention of legality, and to suggest that France and Germany be allowed for the sake of peace and a quiet life to complete their barter as they please. A quiet life does not come from such beginnings. France and Germany are not the only Powers in the world, nor are MM. Schneider and Krupp the only capitalists. Spain would not accept the bargain unless she were placated. Italy would feel that her "rights" in Tripoli had, in some obscure way, been confirmed, because she had not been paid to acquiesce in the Moroccan settlement. Russia would take "compensation" in Persia, and Austria's interest in Albania and Macedonia would be appreciably heightened. An arrangement of this kind is a *perpetuum mobile*. We are all paying still, and for years to come may go on paying, because Lord Lansdowne gave away a piece of Africa which was not his to give.

There is, we think, in such a situation, only one position which the advocates of peace and public law can consistently adopt. If the bargain between France and Germany includes any clause which gives to France a right in Morocco beyond the precise privileges conferred on her at Algeciras, a case has arisen for an international Conference. Even were that Conference to end by obliterating the reality of Moroccan independence, we should still say that it was better from the European standpoint, and better in the interests of law, that this should be done by a Conference of all the Powers, than that it should be done by private brigandage and huckstering. A court of law may render a bad verdict when it expropriates a poor man who owns a field, but the traditions and safeguards of civil life have suffered less by such an error than they would have done if a neighboring magnate had been allowed to take the field without the forms of law. Doubtless we shall not get to-morrow, nor yet the day after to-morrow, a Court or a Conference which will give a just or humane verdict where a little people like the Moors or the Persians is

at issue with Great Powers. But, by forcing the Powers into Court, we do, at the least, compel them to admit the supremacy of law, and to submit themselves to a public opinion which is not merely national and partisan. Arbitration is an invaluable expedient in some types of dispute; but arbitration is impotent and inapplicable in such a question as this. Here the only possible tribunal is a Congress or a Conference of all the Powers. Until it becomes a matter of course that affairs of equity (as distinct from points of law) shall be referred to the decision of Europe as a whole, we have hardly begun to organise the permanent reign of peace. Sir Edward Grey spoke boldly for the sanctity of treaties and public law when Austria was the culprit. He can do even better service to these ideals by providing France with a Court to try her claims.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE INSURANCE BILL.

THE conflict with the doctors is one of the most regrettable and, at the same time, least expected features in the progress of the National Insurance Bill. Reading the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on its introduction, it is quite clear that neither he nor those who followed him had any idea that the measure would unite practically the whole of the medical profession in opposition against it. Undoubtedly Mr. Lloyd George was of the opinion that the interests of the medical profession would be touched only in the matter of remuneration, and that by providing, as he thought, for a substantial increase in this he was meeting all likely criticism. Unfortunately, the doctors had other serious grounds for being dissatisfied with existing conditions, nor were they prepared to admit that the capitation fee mentioned was, as a matter of fact, the substantial increase it was asserted to be.

In the first place, objection is taken by a considerable section of medical men to contract practice in any form or shape whatever. It is urged that it is unsatisfactory to the patient and tends to be demoralising to the medical man. Yet the necessity of contract practice among the poorer classes is obvious, and no stronger evidence in support of this statement could be found than is contained in the valuable "Investigation into the Economic Conditions of Contract Medical Practice in the United Kingdom," which was published by the British Medical Association in 1905. Of the sixty-nine divisions of the Association which considered the question, sixty-three agreed that contract practice among certain classes was inevitable under existing conditions, and five others agreed subject to special definition of the words "the poor." Only one division was of opinion that contract practice was unnecessary. It is incumbent, therefore, upon these doctors who are crying out against contract practice altogether at least to suggest a practical alternative scheme, and this, up to the present, they have failed to do. Perusal of the report leads to the conclusion that it is not so much the principle of contract practice that is objected to, as the evils and abuses which are associated with it in its present form. Some of the replies from

medical men show clearly that where equitable conditions have been obtained, contract practice may be quite satisfactory to both patient and doctor.

We believe that the majority of medical men are prepared to admit the necessity of contract practice in some form or other among the poorer classes, and, we take it that the primary objects aimed at by the British Medical Association are the provision of suitable conditions for its working.

The specific proposals put forward are as follows:— Medical benefit to be limited to those in receipt of incomes not exceeding £2 a week; medical benefit to be administered by the local Health Committees, and not by the friendly societies; remuneration to be adequate, and the method of remuneration to be determined by local option; the medical profession to be represented among the Insurance Commissioners and upon the Advisory Council and local Health Committees, and recognition to be given to local Medical Committees having the right to be consulted on medical matters.

Many of these points have already been conceded or promised by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Amendments providing for the free choice of doctor have been carried, and provision is to be made for adequate representation of the profession on the various Councils and Committees, and for the recognition of local Medical Committees appointed by the profession. On Tuesday, the House decided by a large majority to place the control of the medical benefit in the hands of the local Health Committees to the exclusion of the friendly societies. We feel strongly that the weight of argument was in favor of this course, and we are heartily glad that it has been adopted.

These are substantial concessions and should go far towards allaying the opposition of the profession towards the Bill. There remain the questions of remuneration and of income limit. On the former, a fee of six shillings per head per insured person, to cover also the cost of drugs, has been mentioned, and it has been vehemently asserted that this is an altogether inadequate rate. No convincing figures have, however, been put forward to show that this is so; while, on the other hand, some of the letters written by medical men reveal a ludicrous misapprehension of the facts. Quite a number of doctors have, for example, fallen into the error of calculating their return upon the number of sick persons they will actually attend under the Bill, and not upon the number of persons ill and well who will be upon their lists. The calculations made by Mr. Chiozza Money and others tend to support the view of Mr. George that six shillings is a substantial increase on existing rates. The actual amount of remuneration, however, is not a point for determination at the present time. It is recognised that it is in the interests of the profession not to deal with the matter in the Bill, but to leave it to the discretion of the local Health Committees and Insurance Commissioners. As the British Medical Association points out, the conditions under the Act will be so different from those now existing that it is difficult to estimate what will be the cost of medical treatment. Moreover, until the services to be performed by the medical profession have been more clearly defined, it is

impossible to say what would be an adequate rate of payment, and the Association deliberately refrains from naming a figure. This is a sound attitude. Mr. George has already intimated that extra payments will be made for special services, and that local conditions will be taken into consideration. But the profession is entitled to demand that the remuneration shall be sufficient to secure that the medical man will ungrudgingly give to each case all the time and attention its efficient treatment requires. More than that, it should enable him to take leisure to study the scientific side of his profession, and to keep himself abreast with the most recent work and discoveries. Ill-paid work means bad work, and bad work means defeating one of the fundamental objects of the Bill. We have little doubt, however, that the representation now secured to the profession on the various governing bodies will enable them to obtain fair and honorable terms of remuneration.

The only issue of importance that remains is that relating to the wage-limit, which formed the subject of an important debate on Wednesday. The Government had previously agreed to a limit of £160 a year in the case of voluntary contributors, but they were unwilling to agree to the income-limit of £100 demanded by the doctors for general application. The adoption of such an arbitrary limit would have excluded from medical benefit large classes who, it was intended, should come within the scope of the Bill. There are clerks, shop assistants, and others whose occupation forces them to dress in a more expensive style than that of the working classes generally, and to live in comparatively expensive neighborhoods. This necessity for maintaining appearances notoriously makes the struggle for a livelihood exceedingly severe, and a doctor's bill becomes a fearful burden. Nor, indeed, is the assumption justified that an income limit is a satisfactory means of determining ability to pay. A single man with an income below the limit may be in a much stronger position economically than one with a larger amount but who has a wife and family dependent upon him.

The administrative difficulties were not fully brought out in Wednesday's debate. A working man who has perhaps worked at different times during the year for various employers at different rates of pay, with intervening periods of unemployment, would, at the end of the year, have to submit his card to some official for a process of collation and assessment; the staff of officials required, the labor and expense, would be very great. Endless disputes would arise as to what constitutes "income," whether, for example, the earnings of a man's wife or children are to be included. Fluctuations in trade would mean that a man was insured one year, but not the next. Finally, special arrangements would have to be made for the large number of persons in receipt of incomes over £2 per week who are at the moment members of friendly societies and entitled to medical treatment. The problem of fixing an income limit in the Bill has only to be stated in order to demonstrate its impracticability. In view of these difficulties, Mr. George very wisely announced his acceptance of an amendment proposed by Dr. Addison, which gives the local Health Committees

the right to fix an income limit for each district, and to pay a contribution in lieu of medical benefit to those with incomes above that limit. This avoids most of the difficulties indicated above, and introduces a serviceable elasticity into the system.

There is one provision in the Bill the effect of which upon the medical profession has not yet received the attention it deserves. This is the clause prohibiting medical men who are treating insured persons from dispensing medicines. Recognition of the fact that advice by itself is worthy of payment will undoubtedly have a great effect in raising the status of the medical man. Much of the magic associated with a bottle of colored fluid will disappear. In its higher branches, the profession has already itself voluntarily imposed this disability, and holders of the higher diplomas of the College of Physicians are required not to dispense. The extension of the principle to the rank-and-file removes one of the differences between the general practitioner and the consultant.

The medical profession has earned the right to fair treatment in this matter. It is the one profession the value of whose social service is tested year by year, and the steadily falling death-rate is the measure of its labors, direct and indirect, in the service of the community. The medical man is destined to play a part, constantly increasing in importance, in the welfare of the state; but his training hitherto leads him to focus his attention upon the individual, and he has perhaps yet to learn to take national views and to appreciate to the full his own civic responsibilities. He must realise that in setting his hand to the Insurance Bill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has undertaken one of the most far-reaching pieces of constructive statesmanship ever attempted. His path is beset with difficulties, and the enemies of the Bill, overt and covert, are not a few. The medical profession can make or mar the measure. It can and must secure for itself honorable conditions of service, but it will do this more easily by the willing acceptance of a measure of medical reform which has received the support of all parties in the State, and which, if carried into effect, will undoubtedly lead to an immense improvement in the physical condition of the working classes.

THE RETURN OF THE SHAH.

If a new Machiavelli were to write a treatise on the art of subjugating Oriental nations, he would devote his first chapter to the management of despots. There is room in the elaboration of the theory and practice of modern Imperialism for much diversity of method in unessential details. It is a nice question how much or how little of education one should allow to a subject race. Lord Cromer cut down the school bill of Egypt to the barest minimum; the Russians in the Khanates actually pursue the nomads with travelling schools. Some authorities would subsidise missions; others discourage an indiscreet attention to the soul. There is a school which allows the financiers to skin the sheep alive; the better practice is now thought to be to shear it regularly. But on

one point there is really no room for diverse opinions. A native despot must be maintained. Sultan or Shah, Bey or Khedive, he is absolutely indispensable to the smooth working of any well-adjusted process of absorption or penetration. He gives to the crudest aggression a show of legality and right. Do you send an army to his capital; it is he who summons it. Do you keep a garrison round his palace; he can be made to review it. He is there to answer Europe, to command his subjects, to grant concessions, to save appearances, to cheat reality. Every despot has his price. With pianolas or with vengeance, with operas or with Stock Exchange tips, his acquiescence can be bought. One is cheap at a bottle of rum; another prefers the score of Aida; a third only asks for a massacre of his private enemies.

It was a bad day for Russia when the Bakhtiari clansmen emerged from their mountains, marched on Teheran, scattered Colonel Liakhoff's Cossacks, and de-throned the Shah. But the wheel has turned at length. There were cynics who predicted that when the late Shah was permitted to settle under Russian guardianship, with a comfortable pension near Odessa, he would be ready, when diplomacy had prepared the way for his return. The cynic loses his pains who expends his wit on Russia. Try as he will, he can only predict the obvious. Events have moved with scarcely decent haste. The essential preliminary was that Russia should contract with Germany what Bismarck would call a treaty of re-insurance. So long as she stood solidly with Britain and France in a Triple Entente, this country had some little hold upon her Persian policy. But when at Potsdam she struck her bargain with Germany, and obtained a free hand in Persia as the price of abandoning her friends in the Bagdad negotiations, the road lay clear before her. The opportune moment came with the renewal of the Moroccan trouble. Germany would not impede her; Britain and France (if France in this matter counts at all) might be expected to tolerate anything rather than incommodate an ally whose neutrality (if not her help) may presently be priceless. So it came about that at the appropriate moment the ex-Shah, who had first of all been allowed to go on holiday to Vienna, boarded an express, crossed Russia, and in a Russian vessel landed at a Persian port. We will not expend space in proving the active or passive complicity of Russia. She had promised to take "effective measures" to prevent him from intriguing against Persia. She had attached at least one Russian officer to his domestic suite. No one who knows her methods will believe that she had neglected to surround him with spies. If he had been a Persian nationalist crossing Russian territory, every passport officer, every policeman, every waiter and *concierge* in his hotels would have been on the alert to report his words, to read his letters, to announce his plans. The Persians themselves knew vaguely what his project was, and had warned the Russian Government. But one coincidence almost dispenses with further proof. For a week before his arrival in Persia was publicly known, the "Novoe Vremya," for no apparent reason, had been fulminating against an anarchy in Persia which did not yet exist. The public mind had to be prepared

for the idea of intervention. Make sure of intervention; the anarchy will come of itself.

For the moment both of the Powers which claim a species of protectorate over Persia have announced that they will observe neutrality in the coming civil war. It is an announcement which the Shah may well interpret as an indirect encouragement. He is in Persia, certainly by the fault, probably with the connivance, of Russia. Had she honestly intended to fulfil her promise to prevent him from intriguing, it would be a very different announcement which she would make to-day. We will not complain that she does not propose to use the four thousand troops which she retains in Persia to check his advance; the Persians may indeed congratulate themselves that this dubious service is not thrust upon them. But the least which might have been demanded from Russia and Britain would have been an announcement, publicly made and widely circulated, that whatever the issue of the conflict, even if this treacherous and bloody tyrant should succeed in fighting his way to Teheran, he will under no circumstances again be recognised by either Power as Shah of Persia. No such announcement has been made, and the Persians are in consequence invited to infer that if the ex-Shah can but recover his capital the Cossacks will once more do his bidding; that their guns at his command will batter down the Parliament House, and that the representatives of Britain and Russia will acknowledge him as the rightful despot. It is not, however, this omission, serious though it is, which seems to us the point most open to censure in the conduct of the two partners. Their step-motherly attitude towards the new *régime* shows itself most clearly in the obstruction which they are preparing against the efforts of the Persians to reform their institutions. Three main complaints were levied against the Nationalists in the first stages of their difficult task. It was said that they were incompetent to manage their finances; that the Mejliss interfered unduly with the executive, and especially with finance; and that native brains and native wills were quite incapable of restoring order and police. There was some truth in all the criticisms, and it was obvious that foreign expert aid was most desirable. The partners did their utmost to impose Russo-British financial control as the price of a loan, and we threatened forcibly to install an Anglo-Indian police on the southern roads. Persia escaped these dangers, but hardly were they passed when she herself spontaneously made her own arrangements to secure foreign aid under conditions which left her independence intact. She turned to the United States, a disinterested Power, friendly to both her guardians, and obtained from Mr. Taft the services of Mr. Shuster and several subordinates with Philippine or Cuban experience, to reorganise her finances. She trusted these men implicitly, and the much-criticised Mejliss surrendered to Mr. Shuster an absolute control over receipts and expenditure. She objected to the plan of imposing Anglo-Indian police officers upon her. But she went spontaneously to Major Stokes, lately our military attaché in Teheran, and, because she trusted him as a man, engaged him to organise a section of her gendarmerie. Mr. Shuster has only just got to work, but already Russian diplomacy, with

Germany to back it, and the Belgian officials as its tools, has made for him a situation so intolerable that the telegrams predict his resignation. As for Major Stokes, his contract was hardly signed, when our Embassy in St. Petersburg published our formal disapproval of his engagement. What inference are the Persians to draw? They may succeed, thanks to the cowardice of the Shah and the sturdy qualities of their Bakhtiari levies, in defeating his invasion. But to what future of independence can they look forward? They have learned that it is useless to call in foreign financial experts unless they come as the hands and tools of foreign penetration, useless even to engage English officers to help in the restoration of order unless these officers come as the advance-guard of a British occupation. The last thing which Russia at least desires is that they should succeed, on terms compatible with their national existence, in putting their own house in order.

It would be a waste of indignation to criticise Russian policy. She is acting after her kind. We knew and predicted, when the Anglo-Russian Convention was signed, that it would end in the ruin of Persia and the humiliation of our own country. What is less a matter of course is the weakness of our diplomacy. We are satisfied that Sir Edward Grey did not contemplate and did not desire this outcome. We are sure that he would have wished to preserve the liberty and independence of Persia. We are certain that the last thing he desires is the return of the Shah, and that, left to himself, he would prefer to see the tranquil development of the constitutional *régime* with the aid of any expert foreigners whom it may freely choose. But the more one admits and recognises this measure of goodwill, the more galling is the impotence of our diplomacy to give it effect. It has, in its continual dread of a German hegemony in Europe, decided that it must purchase Russian friendship at the price of Persian independence. In its dealings with an unscrupulous ally, it has lacked the adroitness and the firmness to keep him straight or to maintain its own policy. The whole enterprise is bad as morals and contemptible as business. It is, we are well aware, less than nothing to an Imperialist that a gifted race should be submerged, after a promising effort to secure for itself progress and freedom, beneath the conqueror who has brought misery to Finns and Poles and Caucasians. But on the lowest plane of self-regarding calculation the destruction of Persia is an insensate folly. It means the end of our reputation as the friend of struggling nationalities. It means the resentment of every awakening Moslem people. It means the setting for ourselves of a military problem such as India itself never presented. For a century we labored to keep the snows of the Himalayas and the rifles of the Afghans between ourselves and Russia. To-morrow we shall face her in our Persian zone across a vague land frontier. That is the price, or a part of the price, of our jealousy of Germany. So much we have paid to win the doubtful support of a rather weak and very uncertain ally. We might have had the friendship of Germany herself on much less onerous terms, and with that friendship the end of a feud which burdens Europe and threatens the chief purposes of civilisation.

Life and Letters.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF POPULAR LEARNING.

It is natural that the present situation should turn minds and memories back to 1832. Most of the analogies drawn from that time have a controversial color; but there is one, as readers of Dr. Hagberg Wright's article in the "Nineteenth Century" on "Readers a Hundred Years Ago" will observe, which is free from polemical associations. It is an interesting, though not a surprising, feature of English history that all movements for developing political freedom have been accompanied by some attempt to extend education. The first Reform Bill preceded the first national grant for primary instruction; the second was followed very closely by the foundation of a universal system of elementary schools; the third by legislation making education free and compulsory. But this is not the only way in which political expansion has stimulated popular education. We can trace its effects also in the growth of serious literature at popular prices. The period of the Reform Bill was marked, as Dr. Wright shows, by a great outburst of this kind of literature. In some respects the most interesting experiment was one which Dr. Wright does not discuss at great length. All who are following the fortunes of the Home University Library with sympathy and hope will be attracted to the efforts made eighty years ago by Brougham and his friends of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

The promoters of this Society consisted of eminent Whigs like Brougham, Althorp, Lord John Russell, with a sprinkling of Radicals, including John Cam Hobhouse, and one distinguished Tory in Shaftesbury. The Society published two libraries, which they distinguished by calling one "useful" and the other "entertaining." The useful volumes came out in sixpenny parts; the entertaining cost two shillings a number. The titles of some of the books give a good idea of their range and character. The useful volumes included "Outlines of Agriculture in Flanders," "Animal Mechanics," "Value of Annuities," "Treatise on Botany." The entertaining volumes treated of "The Architecture of Birds," "The Habits of Birds," "Insect Architecture," "Insect Miscellanies," "The Chinese," "The New Zealanders," "Secret Societies of the Middle Ages," "Manners and Customs of Egypt," "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." "The Elgin Marbles" find a place on the entertaining shelf by the side of "Menageries," the "History of Greek Literature" on the useful, where it rubs shoulders with the "Art of Brewing." The Society made a successful start, but it did not have a long life. Hazlitt said that it confounded a knowledge of useful things with useful knowledge; Bagehot thought the knowledge which it wished to diffuse was, according to the German phrase, "factish," and that men like Brougham had a way of supposing that a knowledge of the dates and shell of history was extremely important to the mass of men, and that all would be well when we had a "mob that knew hydrostatics." Certainly the volumes that we have studied seem curiously unrelated to the circumstances of the readers. This is not perhaps surprising. The position in which the promoters of the enterprise found themselves was this: The English poor had been pushed by the events and changes of the last half-century into deeper and deeper poverty, isolated more and more from all the life and light of the imagination, and from all those influences and interests that had once redeemed their work and labor from a mere mechanical existence. This aspect of eighteenth-century life and the destruction of the crafts is discussed in a very interesting article in the "Contemporary Review" by Mr. March Phillipps. The enlightened minds of the age were at the same time possessed by two great enthusiasms; one was an enthusiasm for mechanical science and invention

that made them almost as delirious as Dryden and his contemporaries at the time Dryden wrote:—

"Then we upon the globe's last voyage shall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the sky;
From thence our rolling neighbors we shall know,
And on the lunar world securely pry."

At this time Brougham, with his thoughts fixed on canals and railways and engines, was dreaming all the dreams of Cowley and Dryden and the founders of the Royal Society over again. The other was an enthusiasm not less ungoverned for the new industrial power of capital. These two enthusiasms helped to establish the classical political economy. Now, men like Brougham, looking out over this world, saw two great obstacles and dangers: the one was the existence of gross abuses connected with the old, unreformed Parliamentary system; the other, the existence of a great mass of perpetually hungry and tired men, who knew nothing about political economy, and had a habit of combining to try to raise their wages, or, occasionally, of breaking out in violence against machinery. These men were thus a menace to the two great forces on which all prosperity seemed to depend; they would drive machinery and capital into other countries. Clearly, then, what was wanted was to educate them into seeing that their own fortunes were involved in the maintenance of a society that did everything to keep on good terms with these powerful interests. Parliamentary Reform for the middle classes must be accompanied by political economy for the poor. Two of the books produced for this purpose are supposed to have been written by Brougham himself. They are an attempt to justify existing social arrangements to the poor. They are written in a lively and effective style, and the arguments are illustrated by examples likely to strike the attention. Thus the law of supply and demand is brought home by the story of a shrewd fellow with a humped back, who, running into the street during a money crisis, let out his hump as a desk at a high rent for the use of excited speculators. But they are vitiated for their purpose by one capital weakness. To understand the position of the poor needed an imagination in which Brougham was woefully deficient.

The Home University Library has been launched under different circumstances. There is no spirit of propaganda behind it. It does not aim at justifying Providence or political economy to the unfortunate. It aims rather at placing before the readers the exposition of a subject by somebody who knows what are the facts as established by the latest research or criticism. With the growth of popular education of all grades, from the foundation of the Board Schools to the inspiring enterprises of the Workers' Educational Association, it was natural to believe that there are a very large number of men and women of all ages to whom such a series as this would be a priceless boon and comfort. Much of the pessimistic talk about education only resulting in the reading of trash, had overlooked the success of recent cheap reproductions of masterpieces. The confidence with which we greet this series is justified not only by the popularity that it has at once achieved, but also by the most encouraging results of the competition for the prizes offered by the publishers. We learn from their reports that the judges have been greatly surprised by the high level reached by a large majority of the writers. "The essays of clerks, shop assistants, and artisans are particularly remarkable, and seem to us to constitute a phenomenon worthy of public notice." The immediate discovery of a large, highly intelligent public, with ideas and criticisms of its own, is an invaluable reward to the public spirit that has inspired this undertaking, and a sign of great encouragement to all who are interested in the liberal education of the State.

THE CHARM OF COMMONPLACE.

GEORGE ELIOT warned us somewhere not to expect Isaiah and Plato in every country house, and the warn-

ing was characteristic of a time when one really might have met Ruskin or Herbert Spencer. How uncalled for it would be now! If Isaiah or Plato were to appear at any country house, what a shock it would give the company, even if no one present had heard of their names and death before! We do not know how prophets and philosophers would behave in a country house, but, to judge from their books, their conversation could not fail to embarrass. What would they say when the daughter of the house inquired if her Toy-Pom was not really rather a darling, or the host proclaimed to the world that he never took potatoes with his fish? What would the host and daughter say if their guests began to prophesy or discuss the nature of justice? There is something irreligious in the incongruity of the scene.

The age of the wise, in those astonishing eighteen-seventies, was succeeded by the age of epigram, when someone was always expected to say something witty, and it was passed on, like a sporting tip, through widening circles. Such sayings as "I can resist everything but temptation" were much sought after. Common sense became piquant if reversed, and the good, plain man disappeared in laughter. When a languid creature told him it was always too late to mend, and never too young to learn, he was disconcerted. The bases of existence were shaken by little earthquakes, and he did not know where to stand or what to say. He felt it was nonsense, but as everyone laughed and applauded he supposed they were all too clever for him—too clever by half, and he went away sadder, but no wiser. "If Christ were again on earth," said Carlyle, of an earlier generation, "Mr. Milnes (Lord Houghton) would ask him to breakfast, and the clubs would all be talking of the good things he had said." Frivolity only changes its form, but the epigrams of the early 'nineties were not Christ-like, and Mr. Milnes would have been as much astray among them as the good, plain man.

The epigrammatist still lingers, and sometimes dines; but his roses have faded, and the weariness of his audience is no longer a pose. A tragic ghost, he feels like one who treads alone some banquet-hall, not, indeed, deserted, but filled with another company, and that is so much drearier. The faces that used to smile on him are gone, the present faces only stare, and if he told them now that it may be better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, but both are good, they would conceal a shiver of boredom under politeness. It is recognised that life with an epigrammatist has become unendurable. "Witty?" (if one may quote again the Carlyle whom English people are forgetting) "O be not witty: none of us is bound to be witty under penalties. A fashionable wit! If you ask me which, he or a death's head, will be the cheerier company for me, pray send *not* him."

Evidently there are some creatures too bright if not too good for human nature's daily food. They are like the pudding that was all raisins, because the cook had forgotten to put in the suet. Sensible people put in the suet pretty thick, and they find it fortifying. Here in England, for instance, it has been the standing sneer of upstart pertness that ordinary men and women always set out upon their conversations with the weather. Well, and why on earth should they not? In every part of the world the weather is the most important subject. India may suffer from unrest, but the Indian's first thought is whether she suffers from drought. Russia may seethe with revolution, but ninety-nine per cent. of Russians are thinking of the crops. France is now disturbed about Morocco, but Frenchmen know the sun promises such a vintage as never was. War threatens the Balkans, but the outbreak depends upon the harvest. Certainly, in our barren wildernesses of city it does not much matter whether it rains or shines, except to the top hats and long skirts of the inhabitants. But mankind cannot live on smuts and sulphur, and our discussions on the weather keep us in touch with the kindly fruits of the earth; we show we are not weaned from Nature, but still remember the cornfields and orchards by which we live. Every cloud and wind, every ray of sunshine comes filled with unconscious memories, and secret influences extend to our very souls with every

change in weather. Like fishes, we do not bite when the east wind blows; like ducks and eels, we sicken or go mad in thunder.

Why should we fuddle our conversation with paradoxes and intellectual interests when Nature presents us with this sempiternal theme? Ruskin observed that Pusey never seemed to know what sort of a day it was. That showed a mind too absent from terrestrial things, too much occupied with immortality. Here in England the variety of the weather affords a special incitement to discussion. It is like a fellow-creature or a race meeting; the sporting element is added, and you never know what a single day may bring forth. Shallow wits may laugh at such talk, but neither the publishers' lists nor the Cowes Regatta, neither the Veto nor the Insurance Bill can compare for a moment with the question whether it will rain this week. Why, then, should we not talk about rain, and leave plays and books and pictures and politics and scandal to narrow and abnormal minds? To adapt a Baconian phrase, the weather is the one subject that you cannot dull by jading it too far.

Nor does it arouse the evil passions of imparting information or contradicting opinions. When someone says, "It is a fine day," or "It's good weather for ducks," he does not wish to convey a new fact. We have known only one man who desired to contradict such statements, and, looking up at the sky, would have liked to order the sun in or out rather than agree; and he was a Volunteer Officer, so that command was in his nature. But mention the Lords, or the Church, or the Suffrage, and what a turmoil and tearing of hair! What sandstorms of information, what semi-courteous contradiction! Whither has the sweet gregariousness of human converse strayed? Black looks flash from miraculously seeing eyes; bad blood rushes to thinking foreheads; the bonds of hell are loosed; pale gods sit trembling in their twilight. "O sons of Adam, the sun still shines, and a spell of fair weather never did no harm, as we heard tell on; but don't you think a drop of rain to-night would favor the roots? You'll excuse a farmer's grumbling."

People do not associate in order to receive epigrammatic shocks, nor to be fed up with information and have their views put right. They associate for society. They feel more secure, more open-hearted and cheerful, when together. Sheep know in their hearts that numbers are no protection against the dog, who is so much cleverer and more terrible than they; but still they like to keep in the flock. It is always comfortable to sit beside a man as foolish as oneself and hear him say that East is East, and West is West; or that men are men, and women are women; or that the world is a small place after all, truth is stranger than fiction, listeners never hear good of themselves, and a true friend is known in adversity. That gives the sense of perfect comradeship. There is here no tiresome rivalry of wits, no plaguy intellectual effort. One feels one's proper level at once, and needs no longer go scrambling up the heights with banners of strange devices. At such moments of pleasant and unadventurous intercourse, it will be found very soothing to reply that cold hands show a warm heart, that only town-dwellers really love the country, that night is darkest before the dawn, that there are always faults on both sides, that an Englishman's home is his castle, but travel expands the mind, and marriage is a lottery.

Such sentences, delivered alternately, will supply all the requisites of intercourse. The philosopher rightly esteemed no knowledge of value unless it was known already, and all these things have been known a very long time. Sometimes, it is true, a conversation may become more directly informative and yet remain amicable, as when the man on the steamer acquaints you with the facts that lettuce contains opium, that Lincoln's Inn Fields is the size of the Great Pyramid's base, that Mr. Gladstone took sixty bites to the mouthful, that hot tea is a cooling drink, that a Frenchwoman knows how to put on her clothes, that the engineer on board is sure to be a Scotsman, that fish is good for the brain because it contains phosphorus, that cheese will digest everything but itself, that there are more acres in England than words in the Bible, and that the cigars smoked in a year

would go ten thousand and a quarter times round the earth if placed end to end. These facts are also familiar to everyone beforehand, and they present a solid basis for gregarious conversation. They put the merest stranger at his ease. They make one feel at home.

Some of the trades and professions secure the same object by special phrases. When you hear that the horses are fat as butter, the men keen as mustard, and everything right as rain, you know you are back to the army again. The kindly mention of the Great Lexicographer, the Wizard of the North, the Sage of Chelsea, and London's Particular calls up the vision of a street descending into the vale of St. Paul's. But such phrases are fleeting. They hardly last four generations of mankind, and already they wither to decay. "Every cloud has a silver lining," "It's a poor heart that never rejoices," "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught"—those are the observations that give stability and permanence to the intercourse of man. They are not clever; they contain no paradox; like the Ugly Duckling, they cannot emit sparks. But one's heart leaps up at hearing them, as at the sight of a rainbow. For, like the rainbow, they are an assurance that while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease. Or, if the worst comes to the worst, let us remember that the Ark itself was made of gopher wood, which is the same as chestnut.

A SAVING FAITH.

THE culture of an individual and the civilisation of a nation are admittedly tested by the degree to which the supremacy of spirit over matter has been attained. In every field of action the fight is continually going on, and new victories continually recorded. In the care of the body, violent forms of exercise yield to skilled intelligent gymnastics, drugs play a constantly diminishing part as a curative agency, surgical operations give place to gentler remedies. Similarly, in the mental training of the young, physical compulsion and corporal punishment yield place to an appeal to inner springs of action. In the treatment of criminals, and other persons of defective nature, we endeavor to reduce physical restraint to a minimum, and stimulation is applied to the remnants of such moral motives as can be found. Nor is it different with the relations between man and man. Not merely is the application of brute force forbidden in redress of private grievances, but among the higher grades of citizens recourse to the element of physical force which underlies the judgments of the law becomes more infrequent. Obedience to the law becomes a more and more voluntary proceeding. So far as this goes on, it may be said that respect for the rights of others is displacing force as the basis of internal government.

The same is evidently true of all other social relations. In the modern "good family," the legal bonds are not those that really bind husband and wife, and all merely legal rights over children are matters of indifference. In the business world an ever-growing intricacy of acts occurs in fulfilment of expectations which no legal or other force is able to compel. More and more the industrial, commercial, and financial system requires for its successful operation the intelligent goodwill of those who take part in it. In extreme cases an appeal is made to legal and economic force (ultimately the power to imprison or to starve) to sustain hard forms of bargain or contract, but the normal regulation of our economic life is good-faith. Credit is the business term which expresses this fact. Every business act is done on credit, even those for which instant cash is paid; for cash itself is, for almost every one, a mere token, a social symbol, whose worth rests upon a confident belief in the feelings and conduct of innumerable unknown persons. Moreover, this material guarantee continually gives place to paper shadows, whose growing efficacy attests the strength and expansion of this economic faith. Indeed, as these paper shadows pass into the banking under-world, the last shreds of

materiality and legal force are stripped from them, and they are dissolved into signs in an account book. Though some gold is still necessary in the conduct of commerce, because of our unbelief, the notion that the precious metals form the eternal and indispensable basis of negotiable instruments is fast disappearing. So in his various dealings with his fellows, man comes more and more to live by faith. Nor is the faith a mere conviction or calculation that a man will be as good as his past words or deeds. It assumes that he will be better. The hard practical man, who is ever boasting that he knows human nature, and that it does not change, constantly gives the lie to his conservatism. Streaks of idealism continually tinge his sober calculations, showing a growing confidence in the intelligence and honesty of his fellow men. This confidence not infrequently shoots too far ahead. The gains of unscrupulous financiers are by no means chiefly wrung from widows, clergymen, and other economic innocents; they largely represent the excessive or misdirected optimism of experienced men of business. Such losses are the price of progress in all fields of human endeavor. The politician, the philanthropist, the scientist, equally allow their faith to run ahead of facts. They continually build upon the assumption that man is going to be a little wiser, a little nobler, a little happier in the future than he has been in the past. Their reckoning is not blind, for it is impelled not merely by the experience, but by the instinct of humanity. In every individual case some risk is involved and taken, but the gains are found far to outbalance the losses.

How is it that collective humanity is so slow to recognise the same power of faith in its economy of progress? If men of quite ordinary spiritual calibre recognise the efficacy of this belief in the progressive goodness and intelligence of one another, why do nations persist in living on a lower spiritual level? In the internal structure of operations of each State, as we have seen, material force plays a diminishing part; why is it that international relations respond so slowly to the influence of spiritual laws? It is an amazing thing to find that so many men of intellectual culture and refined taste, with all the panorama of the history of man unfolded before their minds, persistently and passionately repudiate the possibility of States living on a basis of mutual goodwill with one another. Though the actual persons who in each State wield the direct powers of government would never dream of forwarding their own personal ends by crude acts of violence or treachery, they deem it necessary to represent their nation as actuated by these baser and more brutal motives. In the life of armed States, the cause of secular progress appears almost to have reached an *impasse*. Inside each nation physical force absorbs a constantly diminishing proportion of the energy and resources of the people. In its external relation each nation puts an increasing share of its available wealth into implements of war. Does any of the statesmen engaged in administering this policy believe in its final efficacy, either for purposes of defence or progress? Does he deny that, if the progress of the world is to continue, it can only be by displacing armaments by the mutual confidence and goodwill of the several nations? No! Every enlightened ruler knows that the competition of armaments affords no security, but, on the contrary, is a menace to civilisation. Here, as in Germany, and elsewhere, the peace platitudes are repeated in high places; but in policy there is a deadlock. Why? Because of the failure of credit. Because statesmen do not believe that the collective human nations can respond adequately to the same impulses that are visibly responsible for progress in the relations of man with man. A nation lives on a lower level of intelligence and morals than its individual members, sociologists are fond of telling us. It is a lower type of organism. Be it so. It yet remains incredible that the spiritual economy, so gainful for individual men, should not be applicable to larger groups. It is untrue to human nature and to history that collective man should thus consent to lie in the bonds of his bestial nature, when a little effort of collective faith might win release for him. Civilisation is stopped at this barrier, and the

powers of darkness and of hate strike at the heart of each nation that puts its trust in force.

A most striking object-lesson in the stifled truth is afforded by the present structure and the future life of the free British Empire. The parts of every great Empire of the past have been soldered into union by forms of legal and military force. This country won by force these great dominions, and long held them by forcible possession. One by one each hampering bond has been dissolved, until complete liberty prevails. Now that the whole scaffolding of force has fallen away, the Empire stands out in its true symmetry, the greatest achievement of the art of federal government by sympathy and mutual good-will that history has ever seen. A triumph of collective faith assuredly! How compassed? By the belief that these great English-speaking communities could dwell together in unity and amity through withdrawal of all imperial restraints; that our hold over them, and theirs over us, would not be weakened but strengthened by the free play of national sympathies, founded upon community of institutions, interests, and ideals. Would the same spiritual forces fail if a deliberate attempt were made to establish their sway among those nations which now frown at one another through their army corps and Dreadnoughts? One is tempted to inquire whether we must wait for a real discovery of the power of faith until some great nation, wearied of the burden of wars, alarms, and preparations, should dare to essay the supreme test of simple and solitary disarmament. A martyr nation, say the scornful upholders of "real politics," bent upon suicide! But, assuming a nation, by its deliberate self-will, had the courage of this course, is it so certain that it would perish, or would suffer any harm at all? The possibility of such a test of faith is so remote from the actual state-craft of this or any other Power, that we shall not be misunderstood as urging it upon our Government. But those open to the interest of moral speculation might not find it a wholly unprofitable theme. Only a real democracy could undertake so great a test with that collective confidence which would be requisite. But those at least who have read Mr. Norman Angel's book, and have pondered on the security of such a State as Switzerland, would perhaps hesitate to pronounce on such a State the confident judgment of doom which the gospel of force might seem to warrant. It is not impossible that a nation possessed of so much faith would not be found the fittest to survive in the struggle for civilisation.

THE SOURCE OF A RIVER.

A TRAVELLER came down from the moors one oppressively hot day, and literally crawled by painful stages down rocky ravines, where the flies tormented, up slopes tilted to the sun and sheltered from any tempering wind, over wastes where his ichor evaporated like ink spilt on blotting-paper, through stony lanes, equally tiring whether they went steeply up-hill or steeply down-hill (and they always went steeply in order to cut off the loops of great SS whereby the main road climbed the huge ridges). By the time our traveller had done eleven miles in the heat of the day he felt every unnecessary yard to be a grievance almost intolerable, a hardship that approached breaking point. So it was when at midday he had to go a little way aside for a letter at the post office, and so it was at the end of eleven miles, when he could not get tea in the straight road, but must go and find it at an off-lying village.

The tea was one magic that brought the traveller back to life. Another was the descent of the sun, which commonly becomes noticeable at tea-time, and a third was a wonderful journey of six miles by train. At the height of the land, beyond the river-gorge of nearly a thousand feet in depth, a tiny and courageous train embarked him on one of the wonder journeys of England. First, there was the river gorge, clothed to the top with trees, in which a long, horizontal, but winding, scratch revealed a road near the top. Masses of rough, grey rock, scarcely more perpendicular than the fall of the tree-covered

banks, stood out among their green leafage, and far down on the floor of the trench the river gleamed blue, now in long, winding pools, now frosted into rapids. Down there at the grey bridge the traveller had seen a salmon-ladder, and had learnt that the ducal owner of the river and the land had stopped the mining in the valley, starving or exterminating a thousand miners, so that the salmon should enjoy a clear stream. But by and by the ducal domain ended, and the train showed him quite another picture.

Here the river had to deal with softer stuff than granite, and instead of digging an almost perpendicular trench it had sloped its thousand-foot gorge a mile out from where the blue snake of pools and rapids now crawls. In great sweeping curves and anti-curves, round hills and amphitheatres, the country lay in folds, insoluble but for the river, whose winding gleam reached the tiny train travelling far above. The whole scene was carved by walls and hedges into thousands and thousands of tiny fields, yellow with corn, brown with hay, green with garden crops, gay with blossom, stippled with orchards, everywhere rich with the husbandry of the spade. There were flat patches, hollow patches, round patches, like bits cut out of mouldings, an almost illimitable jig-saw puzzle in three dimensions. Far away on the tops of hills, you could almost see over into other valleys, but even so far off the fields turned just a little towards the river, thus acknowledging the source of their fertility.

After that amazing and unexpected panorama of English agriculture, the traveller awoke to a new mood. He jumped from the train, shorn of all his pains and fatigues, and immediately set off to find the source of that river of prosperity. Night was falling, and men tried to stay him. They told him that by the way he went he would have to walk twelve-and-a-half miles before finding his first inn or place of rest or refreshment. He would have the memory, but not the view, of his valley to urge him on. One last glimpse he had from the high road. It showed him several villages, each clustered round a spire, standing on the slopes of a mighty amphitheatre, all facing one way, as though to worship beyond all reason a tiny shining S of water below them among the trees. That tiny thread had carved and made from a vanished world of rock all the fields that sustained the villages and raised the churches to the glory of the Master of mist and rain that made them. The traveller must turn his back on the wonder of completion in order to reach the upper world from which it sprang. No one would have known him for the dejected being who crawled foot-sore across that valley in the afternoon. An idea spurred him over the milestones, and made that walk in mere miles per hour one of his most remarkable. The golden sunset into which he walked, and the dark that fell on that long and lonely road, nourished the idea that the glare of midday would have burnt up in a moment. The crystal dust of granite, the spikes of the road, and the spikes of boot-nails working through thin soles, should have made every mile a purgatory. The idea enabled the miracle of walking briskly and joyously over red-hot ploughshares.

Yet the idea lulled as the tale of bare miles grew towards their teens. The exact length of the walk was not known, for the name of the place of the inn was unknown. Towardsthen at night the traveller came to the end not merely of his physical resources, but of the motive power of his idea. It was past ten when he staggered into his inn, a spent man, ripe for bed, almost overripe for supper. Morning healed his feet, and he blessed the Fates that had placed no intermediate inn on that twelve-mile walk. He was at the very edge of the little moor that piled and piled till it rose to a cloud-tearing scar whence the waters ran to make the mile-wide valley of vineyards and orchards. If he was not at the beginning of things, he was at the beginning of one very important thing, several tens of thousands of years old. He was at the birth of the river whose mature valley had so impressed him and revivified him the night before.

The peaks of the moor, just three or four of them standing clearly some four hundred feet higher than the

rest, were four or five miles away, and the nearest hills hid them from view. A scratch of cart wheels wound through the heather and dwarf gorse, showing the way herdsman had travelled for hundreds of years. It is always the will of the present generation to ignore the ruts of our ancestors, and the traveller went more or less by compass over many a hog back or tall hummock that the cart-way rounded in its slow, upward spiral. He guessed, and knew that he guessed, vainly at the underground secrets ruling the growth here of whortleberry, there of heather, yonder of cotton-grass over deep beds of peat, of bright green sphagnum and rosy sundew. Sometimes the stream between one ridge and the next ran in a trench five feet deep and scarce a foot wide, babbling and muttering, quite out of sight, under fern and heather. Sometimes it loitered in a chain of peaty pools, which waterweed daringly tried to overgrow before the next spate should come. Again, it babbled over golden gravel, racketted to and fro among boulders, or drew tributaries from long, wide masses of never-dry bog. Thus, in the hot weather, the faithful hills keep the river full of water for its trout and salmon, but we must wait for winter to see the great tool at work that grinds the channel ever deeper and wider, in the centre of which the summer river lies. Only two miles from the central peaks as the crow flies, though, perhaps, six by its windings, the torrent has carved deeply into the granite a gorge commensurate in depth, though not in width, with the fertile valley twenty miles away. We can only understand such striking results by thinking of the enormous time that the water drill has been at work, and of the height that has been removed from the mountain that gives it force.

There at last are the central peaks, stripped of the last fallacious, intervening swell. They rise in a semicircle from what now seems to be a plain, the high scoop of the moorland worn to motherly curves for its work of collecting all the rain that falls. They rise at a constantly-increasing angle, like the roof of a Chinese building, and like the true curve of any ideal roof. At first we scarcely feel that we are on the slope, and we never know when we gain the last rocky rampart that seems from below to be perpendicular. All the water falling in the semicircle must join the little river that seams its centre with ever-fainter trench as it approaches the barrier at the head of the valley. Half an inch of rain on this area of five thousand acres would mean how many thousand tons of water for the little stream to play the chisel with! As we look and wonder, a rare cloud comes up from the sea, flying very high, but lower than the mackerel canopy of the moors. The battlemented peaks are nearly as high. The first of them misses the cloud, the other catches it. The black vapor is stayed in its south-easterly direction, which is then changed to a gyration. Rain drops that pelted us from the south-east patter on us from all sides at once. We can only bow the head, hang the arms, and let the cascade flow from shoulder to elbow, from hand to knee and off, as from any other watershed. We thought to have found the source of our river in the semi-circular basin of five thousand acres. We found it gyrating round the rock spires of the mountain arms, and now that the spires are drying again in the sunshine, here comes the stream in black rags of more cloud from the moist Atlantic. The young river is already babbling fuller and browner from the shower that ran from our shoulders. It is babbling to cornfields and orchards the news that after weeks of drought the Atlantic is resuming its gifts of blessed rain. Wasps are flying in crowds to sip the drops from the whortleberries. The earth breathes its gratitude from every side.

Short Studies.

THE CIRCUS AT BALLYMORE.

THE camels went through Ballymore with an austere aloofness; their sad and proud heads were lifted high, and they looked as if they had sight of the Deserts

beyond. But the elephant hated Ballymore. His toes were whitened, and a big star was marked out on his forehead. No one had put on him a sign to show that the cup of his rage was full. But that was shown in his eyes, that were little and very old and full of malignity. He shambled on, swinging his head from side to side. Not in any order, but as it pleased, the procession went through the town. At the head of the street you saw a bunch of cavaliers, in blue and yellow and green. There was a great white horse with a white-clad rider; then a golden chariot with silver dragons carved upon it. The camels had their Arab, and the elephant had his Indian. A black and bucking broncho was bestridden by an iron-handed rider of the Wild West. But who could make words stand for a circus procession? It might be shown in pictures by an artist possessed of the light and the color of Spain. A girl in blue and silver, mounted on a rhythmically-pacing steed, rode proudly on. Silver scales were woven into the body of her dress, and silver spangled the wide blue of her skirt. Her forehead was pale, and ringlets of gold fell to her waist. On she rode, holding the long white reins loosely in her hands.

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The fair-green was crowded with unusual cattle. Instead of burly bullocks and unsophisticated sheep there were statuesque steeds and pigmy ponies. The horses on the green were really less familiar than the lions that gazed steadily out of the bars of their cage. "One hundred and sixty horses," said the poster; they were all there. Monumental horses, whiter than whitewash, with flowing manes and tails, were having their hooves whitened. Ponies, stranger than the pygmies of Africa, or the dwarfs of a medieval court, stood in a herd. Piebalds roamed about. Undistinguished cart-horses extended the equine area. "Four lions, two camels, eight cockatoos, an elephant, and an eagle." The eagle was really a vulture. In the cage next the lions' den the vulture sat biding his time. The elephant looked his hatred of Ballymore; but in the vulture's unwavering eyes there was a hatred more abysmal. He had followed the banners of Ghengis Khan, and now he sat between dispirited lions and a sullen slave of an elephant. Cockatoos played low comedy in the cage next his. These creatures surpassed the showman's invention. They were whiter than the whiteness of his monumental horses, and more red than the redness of his rider's underskirts; they were graver than clowns off duty, and more sprightly than clowns in the ring. They revealed the fact that the showman works alongside nature. If the circus had not been foreseen, why would such creatures have been invented? They looked as old and as stale as human artifice, and as fresh as our interest in clowns and tumblers; our delight in the color that is whiter than white and greener than green.

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The great tent baffled the sun; the earth had been freshly turned, and a smell of the sod prevailed above the smell of the sawdust. Horses circled the ring in a gallop that kept up with the gallop of our pulses. The acrobats rested lightly on their trapezes, or suddenly made a swing the accomplice of their flight. Marvels happened to the continuous excitement of the music. The pachyderm led off the performing horse, and then a feat of juggling and athletics was performed before us. A man suspended on his back tossed logs with his feet and made them spin in the air. The music infected the elephant and the horses, the riders and the acrobats. But just outside the arena a woman worked a sewing-machine steadily. She did not lift her eyes to see the girl who circled the ring, throwing herself into a sitting posture, or raising herself erect on the horse's back. This damsel incarnated the music of the circus. Energy and abandonment filled out the lines of her figure. Round and round she galloped, round and round again—motion, energy, the perfectly incarnated will. The clown grabbed at the galloping horse. He succeeded in holding on. With the wonderful luck of the fool he kept his seat on the horse. Then another horse and rider raced them neck and neck; then another, and then another.

With the pole of the circus for pivot the cavalcade swung round and round.

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Men, half-sailors, half-pugilists, had erected the great tent. There was an inner ring and an outer ring, and two tiers of seats. We sat near the outer ring and the sawdust, and the great ones of the town were on the high seats next the canvas. There you saw policemen with tenderly-reared families of little girls, and late-come bank clerks who commented freely on the performance. On the same tier of seats, but far away from bank-clerks and policemen, were four creatures distinct from the rest of the audience. What were they? They wore some regulation garb, and each showed some distinct abasement of the human type. Evidently they were from the workhouse, and defectives. We were now at the end of the performance, and the lions were about to be brought into the circus. The old apple woman hastened from the outer ring. In came the beasts, their cage drawn by two cart-horses. The lions planted themselves at the four sides of the cage and looked at us steadily. The ring-master made an impressive announcement. "Herr Forrestier will now go through the performance that he has given before all the crowned heads of Europe. He will put his head into the lion's mouth. He does this at the imminent risk of his life." A lioness was induced to extend herself upward. The tamer forced her mouth open and ducked in his head. Then he got out of the cage, and, safe on the sawdust, received our ovation. The lions roared, but the life seemed to have gone out of the circus. We were aware of the old cart-horses with drooping heads, of the defective men behind, of the lions, subject less to native rage than to neurasthenia. We went out of the tent and saw the proprietor before his van, sitting like a Pasha, a green parrot beside him.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Communications.

THE NEW OPIUM AGREEMENT WITH CHINA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If the historians of the future should point to the awakening of the East as the most potent and far-reaching change of this generation, the metal of the Liberal Administration will be judged by its policy to China, rather than by its splendid success in South Africa, or by its halting relationship with Germany. Yet China is a far-away land to most Englishmen, and many appear to doubt whether it is to be taken quite seriously. There was perhaps some excuse for this two generations back, when East and West—the latter most aggressively—showed how distant nations could misunderstand and treat one another; but knowledge has come at last, and it is to be hoped that wisdom to make good use of it will not linger.

Japan has fairly captured the respect of Europe; but China is potentially a giant in comparison. It has a foundation of ethics which merit universal esteem. Its intellect is pronounced by Sir Ernest Satow to be "in every way on a level with that of the West"; and its staying power is unique amongst the races. Great Britain took the lead in receiving Japan into the comity of sovereign nations, and it has gained accordingly. An equally wise and just treatment of China would bring yet more valuable results; to dole out to a great Empire its due grudgingly would forfeit the fruits of true friendship.

The agreement now to hand, modifying the Opium Treaties between the United Kingdom and China, is particularly welcome. It shows the rulers of the two Empires drawing nearer to one another on a vital question—to one of them, at any rate—and gives hope of "the greater increase of mutual love and commerce," as Queen Elizabeth phrased her first official utterance to far Cathay. At any rate, Sir Edward Grey's agreement is a good step towards mutual respect, and to the removal of a long-standing blight on Anglo-Chinese trade. The text of the agreement bears out the forecast which appeared in April. The export of

opium from India to China is to cease, "if clear proof is given of the complete absence of production of native opium in China." In the meantime, Indian opium "shall not be conveyed into any province which can establish by clear evidence that it has suppressed the cultivation and import of native opium." The import duty, while it lasts, is to be trebled, China making a corresponding increase on its own drug. This ends a curious controversy between the Governments as to the strength of their respective products. China has long urged that our opium was twice the strength of hers, and should be taxed accordingly. The Indian Government denied the fact, and resisted the proposal. The compromise now fixes the relative strengths at 35 to 23 for taxation purposes. A novel feature in the agreement is the liberation of the whole provinces from the "foreign smoke" if they can produce a clean bill of health within. This is an interesting tribute to the extent of Home Rule in China. De Tocqueville, in contrasting the constituents of China and of the United States, hazarded the opinion that, when the former became open to European observation, it would be found to contain the most perfect model of a central administration in the universe. In this he was wrong. The central Government has been found to be relatively weak. It is the provincial and village life which is so strong.

Sir John Jordan not long since declared that Szechuan "will furnish the supreme test of the success or failure of the programme of total prohibition." It is the largest of the provinces, far exceeding Great Britain in population and area, and for many years has been the greatest opium-producing province in China. Writing from this province, in March, Sir Alex. Hosie says: "As the result of my own personal investigation and of the testimony of others, I am satisfied that poppy cultivation has for the present been suppressed in Szechuan, and there can be no doubt that this success is due to the ability and energy of his Excellency the Viceroy." There was, at first, resistance in at least two districts; but, apparently, no lives were taken, as reported from Shansi and Sinkiang. The supreme test required by the British Ambassador has, then, been satisfied, and the new agreement has followed. One asks oneself: Does history offer any parallel to this record of change in China? The opium habit is singularly insidious, and harder to eradicate than the craving for stimulants. The vested interests are enormous, and the loss of revenue threatens the financial equilibrium of some of the provinces. Yet China, with a weak executive, is determinedly effecting a social reform which would baffle any other Power in the world, except Japan. Of Japan, the United States Commission reported: "A non-Christian country is the only country visited where the opium question is dealt with in its purely moral and social aspect." In this eulogium China must now be included.

The Special Envoy of the Empire to England in 1909 said, "The question of ten years is no time. We must either let the generation die out, or we are bound to stop it in two or three years." "All the Viceroys and Governors unanimously agreed with me that it must be stopped in three years." The tremendous motive power here disclosed deserves more study than it has yet received. Previous despatches have spoken of the force of public opinion behind the Government, of the awakening of a national conscience, and of the spreading conviction that smoking is bad form; but anyone wishing to understand the matter more fully may turn to Sir Robert Hart's warnings, "These from the Land of Sinim." He vividly describes the humiliation China has endured in her crucible of pain at the hands of the Western Powers, with the result that "every member is tingling with Chinese feeling," and is looking forward to the day when their race will be strong enough to revert to its old life again, and do away with foreign interference and intrusion. Patriotism is the keynote of this unexampled effort, and the ethics of the country's religion are the guarantees for its continuance.

It has been suggested by two or three critics that, as China once indulged in hard drinking, she may be thrown back upon this vice by the removal of the opium. The evidence is unquestionable that the extended use of opium is very modern, whilst the hard drinking was conquered, and disappeared from the country's annals, many centuries ago. China became distinguished for her sobriety long before the newer temptation arose. A country that has conquered

one besetting vice is the more likely to succeed in freeing herself from another. The danger of alcoholism undoubtedly threatens the East from its growing intercourse with the West. But the theory that every man's passage through life must be soothed by either a drug or a dram is happily a European invention only, and is in direct opposition to the overwhelming preponderance of Eastern faith and practice.

The new agreement honorably carries out Lord Morley's promise of May 30th, 1906, "that to any plan for the restriction of the consumption of opium, brought forward in good faith, his Majesty's Government would agree, even though it might cost us some sacrifice." It remains to be seen whether the gains from the new departure will not far exceed the loss, both to the ryots of India and to the commerce of the Empire. In according more respect to China, Great Britain has done much to cleanse her own fame, and to close a chapter of her history which no one can regard without keen regret. The agreement, however, is not the last word, nor is it in any way ideal. The older country says, in effect, "My life is at stake; permit me to do what is right." The younger Empire replies, "Yes; subject to conditions." Will Christendom long continue to be more distinctly materialistic than the Buddhist and Confucian and Mohammedan East?—Yours, &c.,

JOSHUA ROUNTREE.

Scarborough.
July 29th, 1911.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. RUNCIMAN'S BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—As one much interested in Mr. Runciman's Bill abolishing half-time and allowing the institution of compulsory continuation schools, perhaps you will allow me a few words in reply to Mr. Mundella's letter in your last issue.

I think two points in that letter require an answer. Two suggestions in your original article were: (1) that the existing law forbids the employment of children whilst of school-age, whereas this Bill allows it; and (2) that this Bill involves a lowering of the age for compulsory school attendance from 14 to 13 in many places.

Both these suggestions Mr. Mundella tries to support, the one by a quotation from the Act of 1876, the other by a reference to a report to the London County Council.

The first of these points can be very easily tested. Are children under 14 years of age at present prevented from working outside during their school life? Everyone knows that they are not. Every social worker knows that children of tender age regularly work long hours, both before and after the day in school, and that the Act of 1876 is not, and cannot be, invoked to prevent this evil.

But Mr. Mundella quotes from Section 9 of the Act of 1876 to show that an employer cannot at present employ a child so as "to interfere with the education" of such child; and he thinks that the present Bill, forbidding an employer to interfere with the "attendance" of the child at school, is retrograde step. I have examined the sections of the Act of 1876 which he names, and I find that the words in his letter in inverted commas are not in fact to be found in those sections at all. Mr. Mundella has—quite innocently, I am sure—misread Section 9, and has made his point by taking part of a section away from its context, and then misquoting that part. The relevant parts of Sections 5 and 9 of the Act of 1876 are as follows:—

"5. A person shall not after the commencement of this Act take into his employment (except as hereinafter in this Act mentioned) any child—

(1) Who is under the age of ten years. [Since raised.]

"9. A person shall not be deemed to have taken any child into his employment contrary to the provisions of this Act, if it is proved to the satisfaction of the Court having cognizance of the case either—

(1)

(2) That such employment, by reason of being during the school holidays, or during hours during which the school is not open, or otherwise does not interfere with the efficient

elementary instruction of such child, and that the child obtains such instruction by regular attendance during full time at a certified efficient school, or in some other equally efficient manner."

The two noticeable things here are:—

(1) That the Act clearly treats working a child during hours when school is not open as not interfering with the efficient instruction of such child. (That explains why children are now worked out of school with impunity.)

(2) That that fact and the whole frame of the section show that the only object of Sections 5 and 9 is to penalise an employer who prevents a child going to school to be educated, an object equally well attained under the present Bill. I submit that in face of the known facts of child-employment and the actual words of Section 9 of the Act of 1876, it is absurd to suggest that the present Bill can add one hour to those worked by children at the present time.

Mr. Mundella also, like the contributor of your original article, sees danger in the clause allowing local authorities to allow exemption at 13 where compulsory continuation schools are set up. He thinks that some authorities, like the L.C.C., who now have all children at school up to 14 years of age, may find exemption at 13, together with compulsory continuation classes, cheaper than their present system. The answer is that the Bill limits, and does not extend, the existing powers of local authorities to allow exemption from school. In my own town of Heywood, over half the children at present between 12 and 13 years of age are working half-time in the mills, over three-quarters of the children between 13 and 14 have left school altogether to work in the mills. In rural districts, children may be allowed partial exemption at 11 years of age. Under the Bill, no child can leave school at all under 13. That means that there are at present in some places—and can be in others—earlier exemption, fewer school places, and less expenditure than is possible under the Bill. Mr. Mundella's last point amounts therefore, to a suggestion that, after local authorities have been allowed to save the larger sum at the expense of educational efficiency, it is dangerous to tempt them by giving them the chance of saving the smaller sum. What the Bill, in fact, does is to allow the local authority a discretion as at present, but to raise the age below which it cannot grant exemption, and also the age up to which it can extend compulsion. It requires rather a captious critic to see in that any likelihood of a curtailment of the school-life.—Yours, &c.,

H. T. CAWLEY.

Down End, Fareham.
July 31st, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—My comments on the article in THE NATION of June 1st regarding the Education (School and Continuation Class Attendance) Bill were written for private circulation only, but some few people were kind enough to believe that the views therein expressed were a truer reflex of the effect of the Bill than were the conceptions of the writer of the article referred to, and, therefore, I consented to their being embodied in Miss Fry's letter of June 26th.

Now that Mr. Mundella has espoused the view that Parliament may take advantage of the attempt to consolidate the law of school attendance, in order to relax the provisions of compulsory attendance, and apparently considers that the Bill weakens the law relating to school attendance and the employment of children, I beg leave to state why I think the Bill is worthy of the support of all educationists. The Bill provides for:—

The abolition of that dark blot upon our industrial system—the half-time employment of children.

The abolition of factory and workshop employment for children under fourteen years of age.

The abolition of the proficiency certificate, whereby our best children are enabled to leave school at twelve years of age by passing Standard VI., and in some cases even Standard V.

The abolition of the three "R's" as a standard of education.

The raising (with certain exceptions) of the minimum age for exemption from school attendance to fourteen.

The power of making by-laws requiring the attendance at elementary schools of children up to fifteen years of age.

These provisions represent a real advance on the existing law, and they will, I feel sure, be welcomed with open arms by all educationists. But it is urged that the Bill actually proposes to reduce the minimum age for exemption in the areas of those authorities who now require the attendance of children up to fourteen years of age who have not previously obtained a proficiency certificate.

That is quite true; but the proposal is subject to the provision of Continuation Classes. This, however, need not cause a moment's worry. In the event of the Bill, as it stands, becoming law, is it at all probable, in view of the admitted difficulties of the problem, that education authorities will establish Continuation Classes? If not, then, for all practical purposes, fourteen will be the minimum age for exemption from attendance at elementary schools.

I do not think there is any necessity to split hairs as to the meaning of the words "does not interfere with the efficient elementary instruction of such child," or "prevent the child attending school." In my opinion, in view of the suggested alteration in Section 4 of the Elementary Education Act, 1876, as incorporated in Clause I. of the Bill, these phrases mean the same thing.

What I deny is that the Bill in any way weakens the existing law with regard to the employment of children, or to their attendance at school, or sets up any new excuses for failure to comply therewith. I am, however, open to conviction, and if Mr. Mundella can refer me to chapter and verse to the contrary, I will gladly acknowledge my error.

The one point which entirely passes my comprehension is the assumption that there is the danger of Parliament introducing such modifications in the Bill as may weaken the law of compulsory attendance at school. For a period of forty years, Governments of both the great parties in the State have, from time to time, carried measures making more stringent provisions for the education of elementary school children. It is, therefore, impossible for me to conceive that Parliament, and especially the present House of Commons, will now adopt reactionary amendments.

The well-understood general rule that discountenances the appearance in the Press of communications from public servants on questions of controversy must be my excuse for signing myself—Yours, &c.,

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

August 1st, 1911.

WHAT USE ARE THE UNIVERSITIES TO THE POOR?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—My friend, Canon Barnett, in his article under the above title, which appeared in your issue of July 29th, urges that "the Universities will be of use to the poor when, looking at life from the standpoint of poverty, they provide the means by which the waters of knowledge may reach all needs."

This is exactly the appeal which was made to the University of Cambridge forty years ago, and it met with a cordial response from that great University. In 1873 the University started the movement which became known as the University Extension movement.

Canon Barnett is mistaken in saying that the University Extension movement was an outside movement, and only approved by the Universities. "They gave," says Canon Barnett, "their approval to bodies who appointed lecturers for local centres; but they drew up no courses of study, and became responsible for no money." This is not true of Cambridge. It was the University itself that started the University Extension movement, and has carried it on ever since. Further, it did provide something like £500 a year towards the expenses of the movement, and it certainly, from the beginning, contemplated and encouraged continuous study over a period of years. The first courses arranged by Cambridge were for the whole session—twenty-four lectures and classes. These were intended to be continued in succeeding sessions by suitable associated courses, and a few years later the University obtained a special statute, under which it was enabled to affiliate centres pursuing a three-years' course of study. That the scheme has not been as successful as was hoped is not to be charged to the intentions of the University but to other circumstances. Canon Barnett's criticism is true of the University

of Oxford, which has confined itself to popular courses, usually of six lectures. It is true also that, in London, the work was carried on by a voluntary association, because London did not at that time possess a teaching university, and the Universities Joint Board, under which the London work was carried on until 1902, included representatives of the three Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London. In 1902 the London Society handed over to the re-constituted University the system of lectures which it had established. Even under the London Society there was a constant effort made by the Council and the Universities Board to secure greater continuity of study, and Canon Barnett will remember that, at Toynbee Hall, under his own auspices, History was studied for a period of years under the late Professor Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Since the work has been transferred to the University, the Senate, under the advice of the University Extension Board, has established a system of diplomas in History, in Literature, and in Economics and Social Science, obtainable on a four-years' course of study, which is drawn up by the University. These courses are now going on, and are attended by an increasing number of students. Unfortunately, few working-people have attended these courses, for a reason, however, which was made clear as far back as the early 'eighties, when the very successful Cambridge University Extension courses were held in the Northumberland mining district. The point is that working men will only attend courses if they are arranged by committees of their own class. This point has been emphasised by the Workers' Educational Association, and there has now been formed in London a Joint Committee, consisting of seven University representatives and seven Labor representatives—of which Canon Barnett and I are both members—for the purpose of co-operating with the University Extension Board in developing special Tutorial Classes for working people, and twenty such classes will be going on next session.

Canon Barnett will also remember that a few years ago the University Extension Board offered a sum of money to start Tutorial Classes of this kind, before the Tutorial Class scheme as it is now worked had come into operation, but the Workers' Educational Association was not at that time able to arrange a class, and later in the session, in lieu of that arrangement, the first course of four lectures by Professor Masterman in the Abbey was given. The only difference between these tutorial classes for working-people and the continuous course of study under the University Extension system is that the number of students is limited to thirty, each student being expected to attend regularly and to do paper work. The limitation in numbers renders the work more personal, and as far as it goes, usually more effective. The reason why in former years the numbers could not be limited was purely financial. Although the University of Cambridge has provided something like £500 a year for the central expenses of the work, it was necessary for each centre to find the funds for the carrying on of its own local work, and therefore it was necessary, as Canon Barnett points out, to have large audiences. The change which has come about, rendering possible now what was impossible thirty years ago, is this: The Board of Education now gives grants in aid of courses of this kind; it did not thirty years ago. The Local Education Authorities have now power to make grants in aid of such courses of study; they had no such power thirty years ago. By the aid of these grants, and funds provided by the Universities, this experiment of Tutorial Classes is being tried. It cannot become a really national movement unless large financial resources are available. I am not one of those who believe that the Universities have done all that they might have done. I have been myself for thirty years trying to persuade them to do more; but I do not honestly think that the financing of a great national movement of higher education for working-people is to be carried out by the Universities. It would mean the diversion of funds that are needed for the efficient carrying on of University work within their own borders. That would mean crippling the Universities, and in the long run the cause of higher education would suffer.

I have been, in season and out of season, urging upon those connected with the Workers' Educational Association that the ultimate success of this movement will depend upon framing a sound financial scheme, so that it may be possible for any group of thirty working men anywhere, in town or

country, to arrange for a series of tutorial classes from some University or other. The funds to be provided must be automatically available. As far as our experience in London goes, it appears that about one-third of the sum needed can be provided by the Board of Education grant, and one-third by a grant from the Local Educational Authority, leaving the other one-third to be found from some other source. In London it has been provided out of donations which the University Extension Board have obtained for the purpose, the students themselves being only charged a shilling for the course. If the movement is to become really national, the problem of how to provide the remaining third must be solved.—Yours, &c.,

R. D. ROBERTS.

July 31st, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Canon Barnett's illuminating article in your issue of to-day leaves little doubt as to the correct answer to this question; and one is not at all surprised that he further discusses how they can be made of use to the poor. "University extension" having failed in this regard, the Canon finds some remedy in the Workers' Educational Association. But surely even the latter touches merely the outward fringe of the subject, and, after so telling an indictment, has almost the appearance of a "lame and impotent conclusion." Is it not time that the expenditure of our two ancient universities was carefully examined from the democratic standpoint? "Is it possible," says Canon Barnett, "to justify the yearly expenditure of many thousands of pounds on scholarships for men who have no need of money to enable them to get a university education?" There is clearly but one answer, and a remedy is demanded in the interests of those less well off financially, who could utilise, for the public benefit or their own, the money freely given to "young men who do no hard work, except at sport." No nation can afford to waste its resources in that way. We have waited long enough for those universities to reform themselves. It is not sufficient gently to prick the consciences of those responsible for the abuses; and nothing effective is likely to be done to extend their benefits to that lower middle-class, which is in constant touch with the poor, until the governing bodies are re-constituted on a democratic basis. That should be one of the first tasks of a Liberal Government after the reform of the Civil Service.—Yours, &c.,

H. EDWARDS.

July 29th, 1911.

CONDITIONS IN MOROCCO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The singularly well-informed articles appearing periodically in THE NATION upon Morocco indicate a deserved interest in Moroccan affairs, and suggest that a few details added to the broad outline already given will complete the view of the present situation, now further complicated by the German action at Agadir.

The basis of government has not at any time been good—but there was, at any rate, a certain continuity which enabled a trader to calculate his risks—but to-day there remains no hypothesis.

Under the old *régime*, government, according to Eastern ideals, was thoroughly sustained.

A despot luxuriously supported by spasmodic taxation varying according to his spending periods, represented the central idea.

The administration was conducted by provincial Governors or Kaids, who were elected by auction, and the position allotted in each case to the highest bidder, and afterwards maintained only by meeting the rapacious demands of the Sultan.

The Kaids, according to the measure of their respective wisdom and astuteness, levied taxes upon their province, sometimes, by greed and lack of foresight, laying bare the country under their jurisdiction; and sometimes, by a course of steady bleeding, keeping the people in a trembling balance of semi-wealth and poverty.

Into this system comes the European trader, who, having first gained the right to trade, requires some sort of security against robbery, and is therefore allowed a limited number

of certificates to be given to approved *protégés*, whose business it is to buy and sell goods for him.

It will be perceived that such men can and do arrange their affairs so that no man can interfere with them without also endangering their patron's interests, and thus they become practically immune from persecution.

With the advent of the French, this arrangement became a crafty weapon in their diplomacy.

Having saddled the Sultan with a ruinous debt, and obtained control of the customs for payment, the Sultan's demands called forth ruthless tax-gathering from the country, to which the French replied by a wholesale distribution of protection papers, of which a host of needy and penurious Frenchmen took advantage by selling them at various rates, and further supported their case with bogus documents, which serve in case of trouble as a sufficient excuse for vigorous action by the French Consul.

To-day, a Frenchman with bogus documents is more certain of support than either an English or German trader, who would rather lose than submit to the tiring and exhaustive inquiries considered necessary by their government official, with the result that the traders' operations tend to become more circumscribed.

Meanwhile, the ill-assorted French *protégés* adopt the aggressive air of their patrons, annoying and sometimes robbing their neighbors, or trumping up false charges in order to demonstrate the efficacy of the support they receive from their friends the French, all of which has a distinct adverse effect upon the genuine trader.

"O, my friend," says the Moorish *protégé* to his English patron, "yesterday night my neighbor, Seedi Hamid Dukhalli, the Son of Sin, stole my best cow. There is not such another cow in the world, and he has taken it from me. It is now in his compound, and he says he will keep it. God bless you; but help me to recover it."

"Who is Seedi Hamid?" queries the Englishman.

"O, friend, he is the protected one of Monsieur X."

"Ah, a Frenchman. Well, then, if you can persuade Monsieur X. to help you, do so; but if he will not listen to you, then go home and feel thankful that Seedi Hamid did not steal all your cows."

That is the point of view a sensible trader must adopt, knowing full well that the French Consul is ready to make an international question even about a poor man's cow, because a French *protégé* must be supported.

The cunning act of a high minister of France by which he lowered the prestige of the poor peasant leader of the wine-growers, is reproduced daily by French officials in Morocco. Without doubt Morocco requires a strong hand, and some European power must now enforce take over the country.

The French are discredited already by Europeans and Moors alike.

Whatever menace the German occupation of Agadir may be, the news of their landing created a jubilant feeling throughout Morocco.

Their methods are at least straight, and their trade genuine. This country requires its conqueror to possess and demonstrate higher ideals than itself possesses; otherwise, always the Moors will be the final conquerors.

Africa is truly named the Dark Continent, for it is the certain grave of untried ideals and manhood.—Yours, &c.,

C.

Saffi, Morocco,

July 16th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It would be interesting to know exactly what are those alleged "British interests in Morocco," which must, it seems, be defended at any murderous cost by the whole British people.

It would doubtless be safe to conclude that they involve the introduction into Morocco of that industrial system which, under the remorseless pressure of machinery, has destroyed our own beautiful handicrafts, and has so ground down our workmen that we find them already nearing the point of open rebellion, not unaccompanied by violence. Is it not enough that the factory system has blackened our own cities and destroyed the pleasure and freedom that the workman should find in his work, but we must needs force these miseries also upon Africa and Asia, and all in the "British

interests" of a few sordid money-grubbers hastening to be rich?

If this is what lurks behind that secret diplomacy in whose darkness so much evil flourishes, then the words "humiliation intolerable" may well apply to our case.—

Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL.

13, Charlotte-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
July 30th, 1911.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER AND MR. THOMPSON.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Canon Holland's argument that the Bishop of Winchester intervenes only to protect unlearned congregations from having controversial questions thrust upon them might have some force if the Bishop had intervened equally on both sides. Is he prepared to inhibit all preachers who maintain that the miracles were literal facts, as well as Mr. Thompson, who maintains that they were something else? When a question in religion is seriously disputed, with competent scholars and devout Christians on both sides, congregations ought, one would expect, to be free to hear both sides; or, at least, if they must be "protected," they ought to be protected from both sides alike. That one side happens to agree with the "universal tradition" or the "Catholic faith" ought to be regarded as an irrelevant accident by anybody who believes, as I presume the Bishop does, that the Holy Spirit is continuously leading the Church into all truth. Perhaps the truth of to-day may usually agree with the truth of yesterday (I think it does); but there is always the possibility that others may differ. Where that possibility exists, the youngest and the most rustic congregation ought not to be shut out from the chance of hearing of it.—Yours, &c.,

T. C. SNOW.

August 1st, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Why this new-born zeal for orthodoxy on the part of the liberal-minded erstwhile Canon of St. Paul's?

Surely the transference from a Stall in the Metropolitan Cathedral to a Chair at Oxford cannot alone be responsible for such a volte-face?

One would have thought that our bold Socialist leader would have been the first to welcome freedom of thought, especially in one so highly placed as the Dean of Divinity of Magdalen College?

But an Athanasius has come to judgment, and in the person of the Editor of the "Commonwealth"!—Yours, &c.,

F. G. MONTAGU POWELL.

"Foxlease," Southborne, Hants.

August 1st, 1911.

IS DEMOCRACY DEAD?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I do not understand why Mr. Gilbert Chesterton drags my name into his controversy with you; but, as it pleases him to do so, he might at least be accurate, if accuracy is possible to him. I recognise nothing that I have said or written in the statement that, "by the cunning device of denouncing usurers," Mr. Chesterton manages "to keep some traces of democracy about" him. Moreover, Mr. Chesterton does not, to my knowledge, denounce usurers unless they happen to be Jews; and he denounces them, in fact, because they are Jews rather than because they are usurers.

I am not a "Fabian-Imperialist," nor any other sort of Imperialist. I once was; but Mr. Chesterton should be the last person to deny one the right to change one's mind.

It would grieve me to know that Mr. Chesterton can find no traces of democracy about me if I were able to regard him as a good judge on such a point. But in the recent controversy to which he alludes, he seemed to be quite pleased that I had identified him politically with M. Jules Lemaître and M. Paul Bourget (which, by the way, I had not done). If one of the two or three real democrats left in England (I hesitate about the number, being uncertain as to the salvation of Mr. Cecil Chesterton) agrees in

politics with M. Lemaître and M. Bourget, we must admit that democracy is dead indeed.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT DELL.

Paris.

July 30th, 1911.

"I DON'T FINK."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—If Members of the City Corporation or of the London County Council could be induced to pay a visit to the site of the old Shadwell Fish Market, they would quickly come to a decision that to no other purpose could they better devote it than that of making it into a riverside park. It is an ideal spot for such a beneficent purpose. Visit it any day or hour, and you will find that the crowds of little ones, escaped from the narrow streets and courts and wretched tenements all around, have already appropriated it as a breathing spot, a bathing stage, and a playground. Question the crowd of laddies in their own tongue as to whether it would not be "all right" for them if kept for the present uses, and you will get a loud chorus of the most definite of East-end assertions, "I don't fink." No more fitting memorial could possibly be conceived for paying respect to his late Majesty—a lover of children—and strengthening the loyalty of the East-end towards the Throne. It has been suggested by the well-known architect, Mr. Morley Horder, that the laying out of the grounds should include a large fountain in the centre of the garden, with a memorial medallion of King Edward VII., surrounded by his grandchildren. Other ornamental medallions could have designs of the children of the Empire. Such a fountain would be more beautiful and useful than a statue, and would be an historical connection with the ancient well in which the first Bishop of the East Saxons baptised his converts. In the course of thirteen centuries, St. Cedd's Well gave the name of "Shadwell" to the district.

It has been further suggested that the irregularity of the site would provide "play plots," properly equipped, at either end and on each side of the central garden, whilst best of all, a large tidal bath could be constructed underneath the ornamental terrace by the riverside. Here, every day and all the year round, hundreds of little ones might paddle and splash and bathe to the great increase of their health and happiness. To secure this end alone it would be worth while expending double the amount in hand, and so give all East London a memorial worthy in its commonsense of the late King.—Yours, &c.,

T. VARNEY.

St. Cedd's, Canning Town, E.

August 3rd, 1911.

HISTORY FOR CHILDREN.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your remarks on the egregious "History" book of Messrs. Fletcher and Kipling will not prevent it getting into the hands of those for whom it is written; but your warning may be useful to them, as far as they have ears to hear. I observe that even the "Times" objects to Charles James Fox being called a noisy politician, and in their encyclopaedia he appears as a "British statesman of the first rank." Professor Gardiner gives him "a high place among British statesmen." Perhaps he offended the historical sense of the authors by calling the destruction of the Bastille the greatest event that ever happened in the world. Is Mr. Fletcher aware that the foreign affairs of this country were on Pitt's death, at a most critical time, committed to the care of Fox?—Yours, &c.,

HISTORY FOR THE CLASSES.

August 1st, 1911.

TURKISH BARBARITIES IN ALBANIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am glad to see a movement in favor of assisting the poor Albanians who are starving in the marshes round the Scutari Lake. This is a commendable act of humanity, and I only regret that similar succor was not rendered to the poor Letts in the Baltic provinces five years ago, and to the Koreans about the same time. Humanity is certainly above creed, race, and political sympathies, and it is no

doubt a matter for rejoicing that we, in this country, have at last recovered it. Permit me, however, to express the hope that our humanity may really remain free from all political and religious admixture, and it is with a view to furthering this laudable object that I ask your permission to draw your readers' attention to the following extracts from the foreign press.

The "Novoe Vremya"—a journal which cannot be suspected of great love for the Turk—publishes, in its issue of July 17th, a long letter from the special correspondent of the St. Petersburg Telegraph Agency on the Montenegrin-Turkish frontier, from which I take the following extract:—

"All the fields in Turkish Albania are, of course, deserted and uncultivated; only along the frontier itself, at a distance of not more than one kilometre, a few fields have been sown by the families of fugitive Albanians. Further on, the desolation is complete. All the Albanian valleys which I saw are deserted. The houses have been burnt, as the Turks were evidently afraid lest the houses might serve as cover to the rebels. Amidst the general destruction only grey walls, tinted with smoke, rise to the sky. It would appear as if in the places occupied by the Turkish troops, only the Catholic Churches have been allowed to remain, and these are shining white against the landscape. The Albanians assert that the Churches, too, were not spared by Turkish shells and would sometimes be destroyed; but at a distance of two kilometres it was impossible to see distinctly the traces of destruction. On the Montenegrin territory all the frontier villages and hamlets are full of fugitive Albanian families, who are supported by the local population. The rebels have organised in small bands, and are armed with Mausers, partly also with local rifles. . . . The Albanians live partly in the villages which have escaped destruction, but chiefly in caves, and are constantly worrying the Turks by their firing. . . . The Italian volunteers are specially zealous: they came here for sport, as it were, to shoot Nizams. . . . All the dominant heights are in the hands of the Turks, . . . but the forts seem more like cemeteries. Not a soul is to be seen, not a soldier. Everybody is hiding himself, which is perfectly natural, as the Albanians are always on the guard and fire as soon as they notice movement. . . . The Albanians assert that more Nizams have been killed than rebels, which is likely enough, since the positions of, and roads used by, the Turks are known, whereas the Albanians use every cliff and every stone as a cover. . . . Every night small groups of Albanians proceed through the Turkish cordon to the Sceli and Shala tribes, which are cut off by Turkish troops from the Montenegrin frontier."

Permit me, sir, to draw the attention of your readers to the passages which I have underlined. They show (1) that the churches in the rebellious districts have not generally been destroyed, and whatever destruction has occurred has been committed by accident; (2) the destruction of dwelling-houses (huts?) has only been a military measure of precaution such as would have been taken in any war by any troops, and its usefulness is shown by the fact that the troops have great difficulties in fighting an enemy who can use "every stone and every cliff" as a cover; (3) the insurgent forces contain a foreign element which considers the business as a kind of sport; and (4) the Albanian fugitives in Montenegro are allowed to remain near the frontier and to go about armed, though international law explicitly prescribes in such cases disarmament and internment.

In the same issue of the "Novoe Vremya" I find the following brief but very significant telegrams from its own correspondents:—

"CETTIGNE.—Several hundred Malissori families have arrived in Montenegro. This new immigration points to the determination of the Malissori to continue the struggle." In other words, to escape to Montenegro means to get further means of carrying on the rebellion.

"USKUB.—The Malissori have received reinforcements from Djakova. The Albanians from Djakova are well-armed and well-organised. It is said that they have been sent by the notorious Isa Bolesatinatz." N.B.—Isa Bolesatinatz, the leader of last year's revolt and the most eminent horse-thief in the Balkans, lived all through the winter in Montenegro, and is probably still there.

"CETTIGNE.—The other day the Montenegrin Government has once more assured the Porte of its sincere desire to arrive at a peaceful understanding, and has asked for the despatch of a Turkish commission to the Montenegrin frontier with a view to restoring to Montenegro the Yezero territory belonging to her, and removing the Turkish forts therefrom." Which is to say that should the Porte agree to settle the old-standing claims of Montenegro for a 'rectification of frontiers' by ceding to her a portion of the territory now occupied by the Albanian rebels, the support given by Montenegro to the latter will be withdrawn. The Albanians are being used by Montenegro as a means of blackmailing Turkey.

Your readers, no doubt, will be able to draw from the above the proper conclusion; but perhaps, sir, you will allow me yet to quote the following from the Constantinople

message of the "Koelnische Zeitung" of July 11th, as having a direct bearing on the charge now levelled against Torgut Shevket Pasha, of destroying Christian churches:—

"Whoever knows the Turkish soldier and wants to be sincere, must admit that the assertion that the Turkish troops have wilfully destroyed Christian Churches is intrinsically improbable. Certain things have changed in new Turkey; much has remained the same, and among those things which have remained must be counted the 'adet,' the habit of considering Christian Churches as inviolable. When in the course of the Cretan revolt in the later 'nineties' some Christian Cretans took up a position among the old and crumbled Church walls in the vicinity of the ruin of Abdera, and began in a most systematic fashion to hail bullets at a distance of some 700 paces at the courtyard of the fort Izeddin, at the mouth of Suda Bay, occupied by the Turks, the latter sat quietly behind the walls and other covers, the brave artillerists and Rediffs from Marash and Zeitun lying by the side of their old-fashioned cannons and rifles of an obsolete pattern, and the officers sitting near the ammunition waggon. Everything inside looked God-forsaken and uncomfortable, not a single shot being fired, while the Cretan bullets were splashing against the walls and hissing over the courtyard. One day the Turks received a visit from none other than the Austrian Admiral (I think his name was Von Hinke), who was in command of the international naval squadron. He entered with his suite the courtyard, where the bullets continued to splash and to hiss. The admiral was very much surprised. Why did not the Turks reply? 'Olmas, jassak, dir, kilise,' was the Turkish excuse: 'It is not allowed; there is a Church.' The Turkish commander did not at first understand the significance of the Admiral's question, then he quietly gave his orders, and soon Turkish shells were bursting over the sacred ruins. Soon no black headgear was to be seen over the Church walls. This respect for religious buildings, both his own and those of strangers, is in the blood of the Turkish soldiers, and those who take part in the fighting on the Montenegrin frontier declare that nothing has changed in this respect—especially as there are now in the Turkish army numerous Christian soldiers, of whom a considerable number (Bulgars, and even one Russian from the Russian settlement near Brusso) are taking part in the operations against the Malissori. It is only in exceptional cases that a Turkish gun is levelled against a Christian Church. Such cases may occur, as the Malissori are conducting their struggle in the same fashion as the Cretans did."

—Yours, &c.,

"AUDIATUR ET ALTERA PAR." Gladsmuir-road, Highgate, N.

August 2nd, 1911.

[In our article "Turks, Jews, and Catholics," of July 15th, we drew attention to the probability that the Albanian movement was being exploited by interested Powers. But this in no way disposes of the reality of the Albanian grievances. The Turkish troops frequently destroyed the churches in Macedonia during the rebellion of 1903—a fact within our personal knowledge.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

I ASK.

My happy lime is gold with flowers;
All day the courting breezes blow
On love pipes; and the wild bees beat
The drums of summer; gay the hours
Fly past, . . . A woman in the heat,
Poor soul, lies dying down below!

I lay between the rose so red,
And honey-whitened lily cup,
Receiving Heaven. . . . And, in view,
There in the field, a calf was dead,
Whose lightless velvet eye looked up
At that same burning summer blue!

* * * * *
Behind the fairest masks of life,
It seems, lies this pale constant death.
What, my philosophers, to say?
Shall we keep wistful death to wife?
Or hide her image deep away,
And, wanton, draw forgetful breath?

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Reviews.

THE FRENCH PROSPERO.

"Michel de Montaigne." By EDITH SICHEL. (Constable 7s. 6d. net.)

MONTAIGNE is one of these thinkers, like Johnson, about whom Englishmen have formed the habit of writing genially and writing well. For the scholarship of the subject, it must be admitted that our countrymen have done little—far too little—for no adequate translation of the great essayist into English can be said to exist; but for the personal equation and interpretation of Montaigne they have done a great deal—almost as much as the French themselves, and vastly more than the Germans, to whose mind and temper Montaigne would seem to have proved anti-pathetic. Miss Sichel is no exception to the general rule. She has told us nothing at all new about the sage; but she has written very well about him, and has made his name the occasion of producing a very delightful book, which few will be able to put down without finishing, and which few will finish without regret.

The garrulity of Montaigne and of his recent disciples in France has left in reality very little to be gleaned in relation to the biography of the proto-essayist. Quite recent work has enabled Miss Sichel to add a little to the account of Montaigne's death, and a little to the subsequent history of his *filie d'adoption*. A profound study of contemporary history might have enabled our authoress to have related the Sieur more precisely to his times, to have fitted him more accurately to his generation, and enabled us to understand how this Gallio managed to live in the middle of the fiercest of the so-called "wars of religion" that the world has ever seen, without singeing a hair. But the subject is a horribly difficult one. The explanation is partly to be found, no doubt, in the fact that, like most so-called "wars of religion," these were not really religious wars at all. Among all the directors and leaders of these truly internecine conflicts, there was hardly one who had not some watchword or party to exploit, some secular axe to grind of his very particular own, while Montaigne moved among these ravening hordes a disinterested conservative, possessed of an easy competence and a striking indifference to power and loot alike. Only those who took public office had to take ostensible sides. Montaigne, more or less against his will, did serve as Mayor of Bordeaux, but the seeming anomaly is probably to be explained by the fact that (despite his self-complacency on the subject) he was a very indifferent mayor. What would a man like Monluc have thought of Montaigne? As a pitiable and rather ridiculous old *fainéant*, one is inclined to say. Yet the serenity which he showed at least twice in the presence of inevitable peril, and which evidently impressed the roughest specimens of that most unscrupulous age, may well constrain us to fall back upon the great agnostic's favorite "Que scais-je?" We cannot, however, agree with Miss Sichel in expressing a wish that Montaigne might have served as a minister to the man he "so well understood"—Henry of Navarre. This consummate Hedonist would have proved a very poor substitute for the devoted and laborious Sully. It was Henry's art to make men in Montaigne's position imagine that they understood him. Half the gentlemen in the south entertained Montaigne's opinion of Henry, and yet he was, after all, what Montaigne never was and never could be, an idealist from top to toe, whose oriflamme was "France." "Do you really know what you are fighting about?" he said, in effect, to his contemporaries. "I hardly do; but whether you do or not, gentlemen, for God's sake let us preserve France intact!" The singular affection that he bore himself, whose chief happiness, he confessed, depended upon calm within and the meditation on other men's misfortunes without, hardly left room in Montaigne's composition for any great affection for France. The strain of the heroic in the King of Navarre was signally absent in the laird of Montaigne.

Montaigne's self-depreciation, like the confessions of superfluous naughtiness on the part of his English contemporary, Robert Greene, must be received with a considerable amount of reserve. He was one of the first great *dilettanti* in this gentle art of which Pepys, Aubrey, Horace Walpole, Boswell, FitzGerald, Rousseau, and even Tolstoy

have since become admired exponents. The part of his personality which it was reserved for two of Herbert Spencer's lady guests to reveal to us with such spontaneous charm would have been frankly communicated to us by Montaigne himself. But he would never, one imagines, have had to confess to ear-caps. He may say what he will about his slowness, intercourse with him must have been enchanting—desultory, perhaps, but always pithy, and full of "the rich haphazard knowledge of human life," as Miss Sichel happily phrases it.

Conversation was the salt which drew the full savor of his mind and led him to express in words, with that singular frankness and nonchalance of his, "things lawful and natural." Our author well sums up the culminating achievement of his life:—

"It was between 1571 and 1588 that he wrote his 'Essays'—those masterpieces of colossal ease, those desultory, good-natured fragments of a complete and formidable philosophy. We know how he came to write them. Habit was too strong for him; he had grown unwilling to leave his library, and yet his solitude had become irksome. 'It was,' he says, 'a melancholy humor and so a humor very adverse to my nature, one produced by the depression of that solitude in which, for some years, I had wrapped myself, the which first put into my head the notion that I should meddle with the art of writing. And then, for that I found my mind destitute and entirely empty of other matter, I presented myself to myself for argument and for subject.' He knew no other man so well. He had indeed observed himself as closely and impersonally as a naturalist observes a moth, and he enjoyed recording his observations."

It is as we wend our way through these observations and confessions that we realise Montaigne's great discovery of the *varium et mutabile* of the human mind—that illimitable variety of the human fashion, which is the foundation-stone of modern fiction. To "pour oneself out like old Montaigne" has become, consciously or unconsciously, the ideal of every personal writer, from La Bruyère and Pascal onwards. He has indeed scattered his pollen broadcast over La Bruyère, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Sterne, Charles Lamb, Thoreau, Flaubert, Butler, and Emerson; picturing himself in the infinite perplexities and unfathomable moods of mankind; detached and aloof from the hurly-burly himself; seeking to double the lives of others by intuitions from his own experience; sounding and probing all men in man. A scorner of prigs and pedants, holding utterly aloof from passion and enthusiasm in every shape and form, he takes up his stand at the cross-roads of the ancient and modern worlds, whence he can survey to the most advantage the comings and goings of men of all conditions and ages, superstitions and humors. The altitudes of courage and altruism are beyond the ken of our philosopher. He is content to take his latitude and longitude upon the lower but solid planes of History and Humor.

Whether Miss Sichel is accurate in describing Montaigne as "the typical Frenchman, an epitome of his country," with his "pellucid matter-of-factness," his Titanic common sense, his "knowledge of the road, his indifference to the heavens," his acknowledgment of the appetites as legitimate sons of the house, this is perhaps more open to question. Practical humorist and amateur of letters and learning, the character in which Montaigne so often appears—is this more characteristic of untutored England or academic France? In his sunny seigneurship and bounteous conservatism of view, Montaigne has much that resembles Scott. In the art of prudent and temperate living, in love of diversion and detachment from the heat and dust of life, in the many-sided unprofessionalism of a class of connoisseurs and humorists who will do and dare everything except hard work and constant service in the cause of others, one of the best disciples he has ever had is the typical English country gentleman, Tennyson's "partridge breeder of a thousand years." But she adds that Montaigne is "the monumental critic," and that "criticism is the genius of France." Now, in spite of the current superstition to the contrary, we maintain that France has no bede-roll of critics to touch our own Dryden, Johnson, Lamb, Hazlitt, and Arnold. And, again, what is meant by the French knowledge of the road and indifference to heaven? On the contrary, is it not the English who have the doggy propensity of going about with their eyes and noses so near to the prosaic texture of life, and the French who, from the Crusades to the Revolution of 1789, have tried to spike the sky? English Crusaders and

English Jacobins alike, from Lilburne to Cartwright, always had their minds definitely fixed upon some immediate practical point; and is not the same precisely the case in regard to English architecture and English law in comparison with the soaring syntheses of North France? And Montaigne, moreover, was hardly a Frenchman at all, but a Gascon, with a strain of English and another of Hebraic blood; and, undoubtedly, with a strain of English quality in his mind—or how else could this “typical Frenchman” have become so enormously popular with our countrymen, from Shakespeare and Sir Thomas Browne downwards? These racial types and characteristics are hopelessly illusive. It is notorious that the more we know of a people, the less we are inclined to dogmatise about its differentiating traits; the more experience we have the less are we likely to deduce character from nationality. The wiser the committee we could assemble to decide upon the common basis of the English character, the less would it be likely to agree. That it is precisely the same among the savants of France Finot has shown to demonstration in his book on “Race Prejudice.” That in comedy and other witty word-play, as in pellucid narrative, the French language has done much to render the French first on the field rather than supreme, there might possibly be few to dispute; but that, either in literary resonance or in power of creative suggestion, the French critics have had anything to teach Hazlitt and Charles Lamb, we cannot for a moment concede. Montaigne may have been “the first to make criticism creative,” but his fellow countrymen from Malherbe to Anatole France have done less to keep it so than the more original and less cultivated intellects of this country.

In order to interpret the third book of Montaigne fully and adequately, no amount of meditation or book-learning can suffice, and if Miss Sichel had compassed a task which it would have taxed the utmost powers of Fielding to achieve, her powers would indeed have been superhuman. A good deal of active wickedness is probably indispensable to the task, together with much wisdom, both worldly and unworldly, and a strong seasoning of antique paganism, with the smallest possible soupçon of poetry. Miss Sichel would not have us compliment her by saying that she has achieved all this, but she has done much and gone far to give us, by figurative suggestion, one of the most powerful glimpses of the great renaissance enchanter that the commentators have yet vouchsafed us—

“We watch him, half-aghast and half-enthralled. He is doing the impossible. Like some tiger-charmer he is playing with the wild beast, Nature. He has not only tamed her, or accomplished afeat in her den. He is getting on well with her; he can live with her face to face. Fascinated, repelled, she looks at him; and fascinated, repelled, we look at her, coerced by Montaigne’s will. For this same Nature is no stranger to us; is she not the wild beast that lurks in each of us—sleeping in some, in most hidden, and dreaded by all? We know she is there, we have always known it, but by a tacit freemasonry we do not breathe the fact to one another. Like children we feel that if we do, the bogey may leap out on us—and then? But here is Montaigne unconcernedly sporting with her, caressing her, treating her as a familiar!”

THE BEGINNING OF LIBERALISM.

“England Under the Hanoverians.” By C. GRANT ROBERTSON. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. ROBERTSON tries in this volume to give a picture of the full and various life of the eighteenth century. It is written in the spirit which Mr. Oman, the general editor of the series to which this volume belongs, describes as the spirit that animates the entire enterprise. The general reading public, Mr. Oman explained, can find nothing as a rule, when it asks for a standard history, between school manuals at one end of the scale and minute monographs at the other. The series seeks to supply the want for something more detailed and alive than the first, and something less limited and specialist than the second. This is the ideal set before the writers of the series: we have not studied many volumes closely enough to know how far it has been realised as a whole. One of the volumes, Mr. Trevelyan’s “England under the Stuarts,” has been read by everybody—and it would give distinction to any series. Mr. Oman remarks, in his preface, that history written on this scale leaves little space for controversy or the discussion

of sources. This becomes truer and a more important consideration in proportion as a history advances towards modern times. The sources are more numerous; the problems more vitally related to the controversies and developments of our own day. How difficult it is for historians to treat these more recent periods in a true historical spirit, we know, not merely from the schoolboy violence of a book like Mr. Fletcher’s, but also from the great deficiencies of Dr. Hunt’s contribution to a rival series. Mr. Robertson, though he has not Mr. Trevelyan’s power of writing vivid and brilliant history, has all the essential equipment for his task. He has a high conception of his art; he has the historian’s instinct which keeps in check a writer’s natural prejudices, and he aims at bringing out all that is significant in his period, and not merely reproducing those features that are immediately dramatic and exciting.

Professor Hobhouse has stated in his recent book on Liberalism that the modern State starts from the basis of an authoritarian order, and the protest against that order—a protest religious, political, economic, social, ethical—is the historic beginning of Liberalism. The eighteenth century is very much concerned in that beginning. We have in the battle over the American Colonies the beginning of the Liberal protest against tyranny and exploitation on the part of the Mother Country. The self-government of South Africa is the latest triumph of the spirit that resisted George the Third and Lord North. We have in the Irish policy of Fox and Burke the beginning of the new sense for the freedom and rights of weaker nationalities. The “Life of Lady Russell,” lately published, contained a letter from Mr. Gladstone to Lady Russell, connecting his fight for Home Rule with Lord John Russell, and through him with Fox. We have in the resistance of the few Liberals who remained staunch during the war with Revolutionary France the beginning of the Liberal spirit in regard to foreign affairs and the principles of civilised and enlightened intercourse. We have, too, great humanitarian movements. There was a very rapid development of a moral repugnance to the slave trade between the days of Chatham and Pitt. Burke’s generous compassion for the wrongs of India led him, in the case of Warren Hastings, into a condemnation that later research has not sustained. During the eighteenth century, England’s responsibilities grew very rapidly, and it mattered more and more to the world—and more and more to hundreds of defenceless races scattered over the globe—whether her rulers were inspired by higher motives than the mere instincts of rapacity. This important point is quite overlooked by historians who write as if the history of the time was a history of glorious war and conquest, in which the genius and the courage and the statesmanship of England’s rulers, from George the Third to Castlereagh, were continually cursed and thwarted by the factious discontent of the Opposition. The whole tone and temper of England’s policy in the world, long after the eighteenth century closed, were profoundly affected by the conduct and traditions of the men whose aim it was to make her policy more just and humane, and her agents more strict and self-controlled. Mr. Robertson sees this and, therefore, he can write the history of the time with a sense for its due proportions. That all these battles were quite free from the atmosphere of mere party spirit, nobody in his senses would deny. The public life of a State is never conducted in an Olympian independence of human passion and weakness. But that is only one element in politics, and the man who habitually ascribes all conduct to this motive is as competent to write history as a man who thought all disease a form of indigestion would be to prescribe for every patient.

It is on this side that the Liberalism of the eighteenth century was strongest. The structure of government was too firmly established in the rotten borough system to be shaken by any of the assaults of this time. Parliamentary Reform was, of course, the natural and proper sequel to the new settlement with the Crown; but the aristocracy, having got the power into their own hands, refused to share it with anybody else. The Reform Bill of 1832 was a century overdue when it came; and the century was one in which the distribution of political power was a most important matter. At no time have there been such great and such rapid changes in the social life of a nation, and those changes were controlled by the class that had all the

power, with deplorable results to the mass of the nation. Mr. Robertson's discussion of this question is neither so full, nor, we think, so successful, as his treatment of general politics. The fierce tenacity with which the rich clung to their political monopoly is partly a result of those changes; and Liberalism has never encountered a more bitter and hostile atmosphere than the atmosphere of the close of that period. But the causes were not only social and economic. The religious movement associated with Wilberforce had given a great impetus to intolerance, and the piety which thought that the poor ought never to enjoy themselves was leagued with all the instincts of property against everything and anything that looked like freedom.

A SOCIAL ECONOMIST.

"The Science of Wealth." By J. A. HOBSON, M.A. Home University Library of Modern Knowledge. (Williams and Norgate. 1s. net.)

"An Economic Interpretation of Investment." By J. A. HOBSON, M.A. (The Financial Review of Reviews. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. J. A. Hobson holds an unique position among living economists. He is popularly known as an unwearying exponent of a very ingenious theory of unemployment, which traces the evil directly to under-consumption and oversaving, or the inability of consumers' demands to keep pace with producers' supplies. He is also known to professed economists as a writer who, apart from his attachment to this unorthodox theory, has done more than any other thinker to bring the treatment of economics into close and living relation to the facts of social life. He has a positive hatred of the abstract method; he detests technical terms; and he has little liking for the mathematical treatment which finds expression in curves and formulæ. Some abstraction, he admits, is necessary; but he will not allow it to carry him out of touch with the great social and political issues to which all economic processes are subordinate. He is, therefore, more nearly a *social* economist than any other recognised writer; he is also more intelligible, and much more interesting.

His two latest books furnish a rather curious commentary on these estimates. Both of them appear to have been written to order, though for very different sets of readers. In the one case, it is significant of the popular taste and need that the editors of the Home University Library should have chosen as the writer of the text-book on the Science of Wealth an economist whose chief characteristics are his unorthodoxy upon some vital questions, his defiance of traditional methods, and his fearless application of his conclusions to burning political questions. In the other case, it is very much more than significant—it is positively startling—that the editors of a leading financial journal should have chosen the same man to write for their readers a treatise on the economic interpretation of investment, in spite of his dangerous views upon the whole subject of saving and investment. Seldom can there have been a bolder attempt to force an economic Saul into the company of the financial prophets. And yet, in the latter case as well as in the former, the venture has been fully justified. The text-book produced is altogether admirable; and the treatise on investments is as decorous as it is valuable. And—most wonderful feat!—Mr. Hobson has written both without any glaring inconsistency with his own principles.

The former of the two books does not call for detailed comment. It is a clear summary of his "Industrial System," and differs from this chiefly by reason of the omission of the more difficult arguments. The "Industrial System" contained all the material for a really good introductory book on economics. Mr. Hobson has selected the material with sound judgment, and presented it in a thoroughly intelligible form; and the result comes very near being that rarest of all things—a good and interesting text-book. But this must not be understood to imply that it is impartial; fortunately, it is nothing of the kind, otherwise it would not be interesting, nor would it be by Mr. Hobson. But the bias is all reducible to the author's pardonable belief that industry will never be healthy until "a consciously controlling motive of social profit-making animates the whole." Surely so much bias may be allowed to a writer who succeeds

in putting before us a living system of industry, constantly producing results expressible in terms of social good and evil, in place of the usual lifeless mechanism, grinding out fixed proportions of dead economic values.

The second book under review contains much that is new, and very much that is valuable both to the investor and to the politician. The necessary functions of financial capital are explained, with numerous statistics illustrating its growth. Those functions are also defended; and the defence is so whole-hearted that, in one place, Mr. Hobson seems to be actually on the point of suggesting (in flat contradiction to his most cherished theory) that investment, and not consumption, supplies the motive energy to industry. But he just saves himself from this inconsistency by throwing most of the emphasis on to *foreign* investment and the functioning of capital abroad, which he regards as the safety-valve whereby wasteful over-supplies of home capital are avoided. The elaboration of this point—namely, the value and justification of unlimited foreign investment—forms the real gist of the book. This form of investment has been increasing very rapidly of late—much more rapidly than home investment. We now invest from 150 to 200 millions of pounds annually in foreign and colonial enterprises; and, though our total capital invested at home is probably not less than 4,000 millions, the annual amount added to investment in home industries is now much smaller than the amount sent abroad. In other words, new capital is undoubtedly showing a strong tendency to leave the country; and the question at once arises, Is this healthy? Are we or are we not starving our home industries of the capital they deserve? Further, every paying investment abroad increases the amount of unearned imports flowing into the country to pay the interest on our foreign investments. Already we receive no less than 150 millions annually in this form (Mr. Paish, in January last, put the figure even higher than this). And the whole of the sum comes into the country in the shape of "dead" imports, or goods for which we pay nothing in the way of corresponding exports. Is this also healthy? Can it be good for our trade to increase the stream of imports which do not vitalise any of our own industries?

On both points Mr. Hobson is very explicit. The belief in the reality of the suggested dangers rests upon the double fallacy that separate nations are separate trading units, and that one unit loses when another gains. The facts are the exact opposite. To the economist nothing is more certain than that if A or B, an individual trader or manufacturer, is to prosper, he *must* have prosperous neighbors, for trade rests upon co-operation first of all, and not upon competition. And in world-trade, nations are as interdependent as individuals; and there is no doubt that by most of our investments abroad we are not so much feeding our competitors as creating good customers for ourselves. Further, the actual imports which we regard as "dead" and non-stimulating are too crudely conceived. The great bulk of them take the form not of consumable goods, which merely compete with our finished products, but of raw material and partly finished goods, which stimulate innumerable home industries; whilst the increased output of the newly-developed country re-acts favorably upon the creditor country in all its trade transactions, especially increasing the stability and security of the trade. Of the political results, this last is perhaps the most important. The growing consolidation of financial interests does more than any other influence, not excepting Christianity and humane sentiment, to increase international harmony and peace.

A final chapter on the probable future of investment gives Mr. Hobson an opportunity to insist upon one of his favorite theories: to the effect that rising wages, with a rising standard of working-class consumption and a nearer approach to equal distribution of wealth, will have the effect of augmenting—not diminishing—the demand for capital and the expansion of our industry.

The book, as a whole, shows Mr. Hobson at his best—original, reasonable, and always illuminating. And the skill with which he sets himself at the outset to win the confidence of his readers, in order, finally, to convert them to part of his own political and social faith, is masterly in the extreme. One feels devoutly thankful that the writer is neither a pessimist nor a reactionary.

E. J. URWICK.

THE BELIEF IN MIRACLES.

"**Miracles in the New Testament.**" By the Rev. J. M. THOMPSON, Fellow and Dean of Divinity St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. (Arnold. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is a very remarkable thing that miracles, which used to be looked upon as one of the most unanswerable testimonies to the truth of the Christian faith, have now become one of its most serious embarrassments. In the New Testament itself it is usually the proof from prophecy which is brought forward to testify to the divine origin of the new religion, and the earliest apologists made comparatively little use of miracles, because in those days miracles were of such common occurrence that they did not count for much. But as time went on, the proof from miracles gradually grew in importance, and, until recent times, both Catholics and Protestants have relied upon it as one of the most impregnable bulwarks of the Faith. It is the steady and irresistible development of the scientific habit of mind which has done so much to shatter the time-honored proof from miracle. At the very basis of this spirit is a fixed and unalterable belief in the uniformity of the laws of Nature, and as miracle—according to the traditional view—is a violation of this uniformity, Christianity, at the very outset, seems to come into collision with a conviction which is at the root of all modern thought. It is fortunate for the truth of the Christian religion that it is resting upon far surer foundations than the pleas put forward on its behalf by the traditional apologist.

The early documents, it is true, tell us that Christianity entered the world accompanied by miraculous events. But the time has now come for challenging the traditional interpretation which the Church has been accustomed to put upon the miraculous elements in these early records of the Faith. The challenge on the part of Christian scholars is not a new one; but it has been uttered afresh in very uncompromising terms by the present Dean of Divinity of Magdalen College, Oxford, in the book which is now before us. Mr. Thompson does not approach the problem of the New Testament miracles on philosophical grounds; he confines himself to a purely historical examination of the basis on which they are supposed to rest. He does not start his inquiry on the assumption that miracles are impossible. To do this would be to arrive at a decision before he had examined the evidence. He is quite willing to believe that miracles are possible, and he limits himself to asking the question whether we have sufficient evidence in the New Testament to prove them. The most ancient Christian documents are not the Gospels, but the writings of St. Paul. What has the Apostle to the Gentiles to say about the miraculous? In the first place, he is silent as to the miracles of the Lord, and although this silence is not to be construed as if these events did not occur, it shows that St. Paul did not place an emphatic stress upon them. St. Paul believed himself to possess special powers of the Holy Spirit; but Mr. Thompson contends that the language in which he describes these powers does not cover anything more than faith-healing and exorcism, both of which come within the range of natural law, and are in no sense miraculous. An examination of St. Paul's writings produces this important result: that the nearer we get to first-hand authorities, the weaker becomes the evidence for the miraculous. It is impossible in the space at our command to set forth in detail Mr. Thompson's examination of the miracles recorded in the four Gospels. We must content ourselves with reproducing his conclusion, which is that these narratives are misunderstandings or misrepresentations of natural events.

Results of a similar character have been arrived at by a whole school of critics of the sacred documents, and Mr. Thompson's book would not have been written if he had merely been bent on emphasising the findings of previous investigators. His object is a very different one from this. He is a man of a deeply religious spirit, and a profound believer in the supernatural, which he is anxious to separate from the miraculous. It is his conviction that the supernatural and science cannot exist side by side unless the miraculous is abandoned. If we are to retain the word "miracle" in the vocabulary of religion, it must only be retained to express the belief that the supernatural works in and through ordinary events. In his view, Christianity has suffered in the past and is now suffering from the popular

belief in the miraculous. It is this belief which has obscured the humanity "through which the Son of God becomes the Saviour." It is this belief which has encouraged the magical use of the sacraments and the superstitious cult of holy persons and holy things.

"There was a time," says Mr. Thompson, "when the belief in miracles played an important and honorable part in religious experience and in Christian faith. That time is now passing and will not return. A stage has been reached in the development of natural and historical science from which the popular position ought to be challenged—not only for the sake of clearer thought and higher worship within the Church, but also for the sake of those outside who are looking for God in Christ, but who cannot recognise Him from the description which is given of Him by His friends."

The manner in which the Bishop of Winchester has accepted Mr. Thompson's challenge is by immediately degrading him from his functions as a Christian minister. He has decreed, without endeavoring to ascertain the legal mind of the Church upon the matter, that there is no room for such men as Mr. Thompson within the ample comprehensiveness of the national Church. We cannot help thinking that in this grave matter the Bishop has abused his powers. He is a member of the High Church party, but he is, above all, an administrator of the Law of the Church, and, whatever his personal views of such a case as this may be, it was manifestly his duty, before taking action against Mr. Thompson, to make absolutely certain that he had law upon his side, by bringing Mr. Thompson before some properly-constituted legal tribunal. To assume off-hand that Mr. Thompson is unfit to minister in the Church is an act of sheer arbitrariness which has already been implicitly condemned by Canon Sanday, admittedly the greatest New Testament scholar Oxford now possesses. In speaking of Mr. Thompson and his friends who accept the supernatural but not the miraculous, he says:—

"They claim to be in the full sense Christian. And I for one would willingly admit the claim, because the essence of Christianity is an intense belief in the presence and the power of God. And if that is what they mean by belief in the supernatural, then I think that they have the root and heart of the matter, in comparison with which everything else is unimportant."

AN IMPRESSION OF DENMARK.

"**Rural Denmark and Its Lessons.**" By H. RIDER HAGGARD. (Longmans. 6s. 6d. net.)

MR. RIDER HAGGARD has evidently spent but little time in Denmark, where he saw a good many new things, from disc ploughs to the candling of eggs, that he might have discovered in England. He found, as others have done, on the one hand a few large farms that compare favorably with the best English farms; on the other hand, a multitude of small holdings under an intensity of culture and linked by a system of co-operation with which England is practically unfamiliar. The small holdings do not all pay. Mr. Haggard accepts the estimate of one of the holders that about one-half of them succeed, about one-third just live, and the remaining sixth fail. In another place he says that an Englishman set down upon a Danish small holding would starve or give in. Possibly the debt would be to an Englishman one of the most crushing items; for the State small-holder in Denmark is allowed to borrow from the Government up to nine-tenths of the total value of farm, buildings, machinery, and stock, while the old peasant-holders are usually in debt to the Credit Society to the extent of one-half of their total capital. We do not wonder that Mr. Haggard finds the English leasehold system of State small holdings preferable.

We are able to give from the book a few instances to show how much more heavily the Dane stocks his land than does the Englishman. On a farm of eighteen acres at Helsingør there were five milking cows, a calf, two five-year-old horses, two pigs, and some poultry. Ten pigs are kept in the winter and sold fat. On six and a half acres at Hillerød there were two cows, a heifer, four pigs, a horse, and ducks and fowls. Another six and a half acres near Gadstrup supported four cows, a sow, and fourteen other pigs, and a horse. In 1909 the cows produced milk to the value of £66 10s. plus the skim; pigs were sold to the value of £144. Feeding stuffs cost £138 10s., and, after paying interest and sinking fund to the State, the holder cleared £44 6s. 8d. The figures in

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many other cases are not complete, especially in the case of the large farms. On one of 7,000 acres, for example, there are 1,100 cows mentioned, and that is all. The annual profit is said to equal £2,000. Another farm of 1,100 acres carries a stock of 1,200 pigs and 400 cattle.

Still more important than the number of head carried on the farms of this essentially dairying country is the excellence of its cows and other animals. The whole system of society—educational, governmental, social, and political—focuses on agriculture as the only national industry, and instead of the matter being in the hands of a few private Bakewells, everything converges on the improvement of cattle. Each cow has her performance as a milk-producer registered, and the bad ones naturally go to the butcher, while the best are bred from. A bull from a good milking strain soon raises the average yield of milk in the immediate neighborhood by as much as one per cent. The quality of the milk is, of course, tested just as thoroughly as its quantity is weighed, the co-operatively-paid inspectors, veterinary surgeons, and advisers costing a mere nothing by comparison with the wealth their services produce.

The secrets of Denmark's success, Mr. Haggard writes down in this order:—Housemen's Credit Unions, schools, and co-operation. He gives a good deal of information about all of them, but we find it scattered and undigested. Sometimes he admits that he took insufficient notes of the facts he tries to reproduce. In spite of the many facts and figures which will be of use to all concerned with the problems of agriculture, the book is more like an impression than a weighed consideration of Denmark and its lessons.

MR. CHESTERTON'S DETECTIVE STORIES.

The Innocence of Father Brown. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Cassell. 6s.)

In "The Innocence of Father Brown," Mr. Chesterton has adopted a new form—ingenious, clever and satisfying—for the exhibition of his brilliant ideas. Philosophers in general are so occupied with hunting down the truths they desire to present to the world that they neglect their seemly appearances. They often bore us with truths delivered at the wrong time, or in the wrong place, and the more insistent they become, the less the world listens to them. Mr. Chesterton began as a poet, passed on to the essay, flirted with the novel, fashioned biographical essays, and succeeded with everything he touched except controversial epistles. It is not that he is less ingenious with his arguments; it is that he is too ingenious. A form of art greatly assists the propagation of the particular truths he enunciates, for then they appear, and indeed are, more subtle in their conception and delivery. In "The Innocence of Father Brown," Mr. Chesterton's brilliants are enhanced by the careful cutting and polishing of their facets. It is by the artistic workmanship bestowed on it that even good paste is valued by the connoisseur.

The story, "The Invisible Man," is an excellent example of Mr. Chesterton's fertile insight. A millionaire named Isidore Smythe, the inventor of "Smythe's Silent Service" of automatic figures that do the housework by machinery, while living in his flat at Himalaya Mansions, Hampstead, is bombarded with anonymous letters threatening him with death. On the last fatal day, when Smythe returns to his flat with a new acquaintance, a Mr. Angus, he is assured by the commissionaire and the porter that nobody has been near his apartments; yet when the two men enter the ante-room they discover a scrap of paper lying on the floor, written in red ink, *still wet*, with the message, "If you have been to see her to-day I shall kill you." Mr. Angus is so alarmed by the uncanniness of the business that he immediately goes in search of the great Flambeau, an expert in crime, who lives, luckily, in the adjacent Lucknow Mansions. But before leaving the spot Mr. Angus sets a policeman, two porters, and a vendor of chestnuts to watch the door of Himalaya Mansions and to keep count of anyone who enters. Then he departs, finds Flambeau, and returns with him and Father Brown, the Catholic priest, in ten minutes. The four sentinels all assert positively that no one has entered the house since his departure. But Father Brown makes a discovery:—

"'Nobody's been in here, sir, you can take it from me,' said the official with beaming authority.

"'Then I wonder what that is?' said the priest, and stared at the ground blankly like a fish.

"The others all looked down also; and Flambeau used a fierce exclamation and a French gesture. For it was unquestionably true that down the middle of the entrance guarded by the man in gold lace, actually between the arrogant, stretched legs of that Colossus, ran a stringy pattern of grey footprints, stamped upon the white snow. 'God!' cried Angus, involuntarily, 'the invisible man!'

"Without another word he turned and dashed up the stairs, with Flambeau following; but Father Brown still stood looking about him in the snow-clad street as if he had lost interest in his quarry.

"Flambeau was plainly in a mood to break down the door with his big shoulder; but the Scotsman, with more reason, if less intuition, fumbled about on the frame of the door till he found the invisible button; and the door swung slowly open.

"It showed substantially the same serried interior; the hall had grown darker, though it was still struck here and there with the last crimson shafts of sunset, and one or two of the headless machines had been moved from their places for this or that purpose, and stood here and there about the twilit place. The green and red of their coats were all darkened in the dusk, and their likeness to human shapes slightly increased by their very shapelessness. But in the middle of them all, exactly where the paper with the red ink had lain, there lay something that looked very like red ink spilt out of its bottle. But it was not red ink.

"With a French combination of reason and violence, Flambeau simply said 'Murder!' and, plunging into the flat, had explored every corner and cupboard of it in five minutes. And if he expected to find a corpse he found none. Isidore Smythe simply was not in the place, either dead or alive. After the most tearing search the two met each other in the outer hall, with streaming faces and staring eyes. 'My friend,' said Flambeau, talking French in his excitement, 'not only is your murderer invisible, but he makes invisible also the murdered man.'"

A few minutes later the body of the vanished millionaire is found in the canal hard by, with a great stab over the heart. Yet the four watchers declare that *nobody* had gone up the stairs, and *nobody* had come down. The explanation is worthy of Mr. Chesterton. "A man did go into the house and did come out of it, but they never noticed him, for he was a mentally invisible man," explains Father Brown.

"'Oh, I can't stand much more of this,' exploded Flambeau. 'Who is this fellow? What does he look like? What is the usual get-up of a mentally invisible man?'

"'He is dressed rather handsomely in red, blue, and gold,' replied the priest promptly, with decision, 'and in this startling and even showy costume he entered Himalaya Mansions under eight human eyes; he killed Smythe in cold blood, and came down into the street again, carrying the dead body in his arms!'

"'Reverend Sir,' cried Angus, standing still, 'are you raving mad, or am I?'

"'You are not mad,' said Brown, 'only a little unobservant. You have not noticed such a man, for example.'

"He took three quick strides forward, and put his hand on the shoulder of an ordinary passing postman, who had hustled by them unnoticed under the shade of the trees.

"'Nobody ever notices postmen somehow,' he said, thoughtfully, 'yet they have passions like other men, and even carry large bags, where a small corpse can be stowed quite easily.'

"The postman, instead of turning naturally," etc.

The postman, of course, is the disguised criminal. This method, though by no means first-rate as art, is very effective, and, when carried out with the picturesque and crisp originality of touch that distinguishes the stories, compels admiration. The central idea in each case is so striking as to hide the inherent flaws, such as the postman's two calls at Himalaya Mansions within ten minutes—a fact which the porters must have remarked. Further, even if Mr. Chesterton desires to deliver himself of a particular set of truths, he has set to work to construct a life-like mouth-piece, and Father Brown—the mild, charitable, all-seeing, and all-pardoning little Catholic priest—is an admirable creation. People may, of course, urge that Father Brown is scarcely credible, either as priest or expert in criminology—that he cannot vie, as a plausible figure, with Sherlock Holmes, and other famous predecessors. But this is to take Mr. Chesterton and Father Brown on the wrong ground. Frankly, none of the mysterious cases that Father Brown solves, by his infallible insight, could have occurred as stated. They are too full of paradoxical ingenuity and too brilliantly extravagant to be more than *tours de force* of imaginary divination. But they are so rich in spontaneous gaiety, in psychological force, in original philosophy, in fecund criticism of human nature, that they compare happily with Stevenson's stories of Prince Florizel. The test of an artist is: Does he produce original effects of his own in a

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"*Beowulf*." Edited by W. J. LEDGEFIELD, Litt.D. (Manchester University Press. 6s. net.)

Most of the previous editions of *Beowulf* display great qualities of care and research, relieved, however, by the most romantic arabesques of comment and theory. The enormous gain of Mr. Ledgefield's editorial work is to simplify both these scholarly vagaries and the very real difficulties of textual and introductory matter into a neat and orderly equipment. So impenetrable are the mists shrouding our first great national epic, so composite and intricate the problems connected with it, that a concise and lucid presentment is no mean achievement. Mr. Ledgefield has set down the prominent theories as to dialect, authorship, date, subject-matter, and origin in discriminative proportion. He wisely eschews any controversial bias or discussion. *Beowulf* has both gained and lost by the interpretations of the savant. Its privacy as a feudal demesne, alternately captured and recaptured by rival bands of scholarly belligerents, has daunted the less instructed student from its perusal. The prudence and clarity of this edition should afford him his opportunity. The epic *Beowulf* consists of two lays, the first dealing with the coming of *Beowulf* to the hall of *Hrothgar*, King of the North Danes, his slaying of the Ogre *Grendel* and his mother, and his return to his native country of the Geats (not the Jutes, as *Bugge* contends, but the people of the modern Gothenberg); the second, fifty years later, describing *Beowulf's* fight with the dragon, guardian of an ancestral treasure-hoard, his victory and death. In addition to this, there are insertions of a large number of digressing episodes, and dynastic narratives, declaimed by the Scrop or Court-minstrel in the halls of *Hrothgar* and *Hygelac*, King of the Geats, and comprehending many of the historical and mythical elements of Scandinavian story. The testimony of *Saxogrammaticus* and *Gregory*, the monk of Tours, has established the historical veracity of many of these lays; others are fugitive references to the purely fabulous Sagas. *Müllenhoef's* perverse and fanciful interpretation of the *Beowulf* adventures as symbolic subtleties of the agricultural seasons and natural sights and sounds has long been superseded from its pure flimsiness. For all these apparent irrelevancies, the allusive method, the style, sentiment, and culture, and the alliterative verse, establish the unity of the poem, and, for all its Scandinavian setting, its position as a

national heritage. Dr. Ledgefield has a refreshing criticism of *Beowulf* on its purely literary side. Most of the editors are consistently purblind to its artistic beauties and its heroic spirit. He emphasises its subjectivity and moral seriousness, frequently dogmatic in tone, and its contrast with the non-moral and objective picturesqueness of the old Norse *Edda*. He might have added a comment on the persistent atmosphere of gloom and fatalism, and on a burning realisation of the transitory in human life, which shadow the poem.

* * *

"*Unemployment Insurance.*" By I. G. GIBBON. (P. S. King and Son. 6s. net.)

An exceedingly useful piece of research work done in connection with the Sociological Department of London University, this treatment of Unemployment Insurance appears at the very nick of time for politicians and ordinary citizens who are canvassing the prospects of the unemployment portion of Mr. George's Bill. For Mr. Gibbon has made a very complete inquiry into the various Continental experiments in this method of alleviation, and presents the results with clearness and impartiality. It is a genuinely scientific treatment. In drawing and stating his own conclusions, Mr. Gibbon preserves the same calmness of judgment which he exhibits throughout the sifting process to which he subjects the mass of detailed evidence. Favorable to State assistance for insurance, he inclines towards an extended form of what is known as the Ghent scheme, holding it expedient that the assistance given by the public should come in part from the central, in part from local authorities—the larger proportion from the former. He takes a decided view against compulsory insurance, and this is the portion of his treatment which deserves closest attention at the present time, for the real risk of wreckage in the Government scheme lies in the difficulty and expense of financing insurance from the weaker and more irregular grades of labor in such trades as the building, and in the unpopularity of enforcing stoppages from low and irregular earnings. "Persons very much subject to unemployment would not be able to keep up the payment of their contributions, and they would be brought into the scheme simply to be thrown out again, like fish not worth the catching." Chiefly for this reason, the Governments in Germany, Norway, and Denmark decided against the principle of compulsion, though in Germany certainly the administrative difficulties would be less than in this country. The peril of over-weighting the scheme with weak cases has not received sufficient attention. It is precisely in those cases that supervision is most likely to fail. Such men will not be trade-unionists, and, as if the Labor Exchanges are to cope with them—so as to prevent sham unemployment from obtaining relief—they will need a large staff and a strong organisation of local opinion in favor of economy. Mr. Gibbon discusses in a very profitable way other difficulties which are found in the Government scheme, such as the conditions under which work must be accepted by unemployed men when offered through the Labor Exchanges or otherwise, and the dangers to which the Exchanges themselves may find themselves exposed in helping to administer a compulsory scheme. Among other points, one, to which Professor L. T. Hohhouse calls attention in his Introduction, deserves consideration—viz., whether, in assessing rates of contribution from employers, the proportion of unemployment in the several trades, and the several businesses in each trade, ought not to be taken into account. Mr. Gibbon puts the matter thus: "To levy contributions simply according to the amount of wages is to burden a business solely in proportion to the amount of the desirable thing (employment) which it gives, without taking account of the undesirable thing (unemployment) incidental to the business." The provisions of the Government Bill giving a lower rate for annual contributions are a partial acknowledgment of the principle underlying this criticism, but do not go far enough in applying it.

* * *

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NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.	Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.
BOOKS OF THE MONTH.	A Chronicle of the Noteworthy Publications of July, with a Reviewing Commentary.
THE PERIODICALS.	Contents of some August Reviews and Magazines.

Publishers: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.,
Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

Edmund Nelson, by his son, William Nelson, and his daughter, Catherine, who became Mrs. Matcham. These, and the extracts from George Matcham's notebook, give us a charming account of the home circle, and of the pride which the whole family took in its hero. Thus, after the Battle of St. Vincent, we see the old clergyman writing from Bath that "this great city echoes his courage and judgment in every street, and the handsome things said by strangers as well as acquaintances were indeed too much for my feelings." Another fact brought out by the correspondence is the friendly feeling which the family entertained for Lady Hamilton, even while they were giving a home to Lady Nelson. Miss Matcham has presented her material in an attractive form. Her book enables us to see a good deal of the life of a quiet country family during the period of the Napoleonic war, to enter into their feelings, and to form for ourselves a picture of one aspect of English life at the time.

* * *

"How to Understand Sculpture." By MARGARET THOMAS. (Bell. 6s. net.)

MISS THOMAS has already published a little book on "How to Judge Pictures," and the present volume concerning sculpture is written with a like desire to enlighten an even more obtuse and indifferent public than that which looks at paintings. Unfortunately, and in spite of a promising introduction, the work does not seem to us very well adapted to its purpose. Most of what the author has to say about the art of sculpture—and her remarks are neither very profound nor very original—is contained within the first five chapters, two of which are concerned with an account of technical processes. The latter may, perhaps, be considered instructive; but the lengthy catalogue of European sculptures which follows—it occupies the bulk of the book—is hardly calculated to stimulate the reader's interest. There may exist a need, as the author says, for a dictionary of sculptors; but such a dictionary, if it is to be of real service, must be a great deal more complete than this confessedly sketchy production. Even as far as it goes, it is not unimpeachably accurate. "In the reign of Edward VI.," says Miss Thomas, "the Protector and Council ordered all statues to be destroyed. From this date to 1735—period of two hundred years—the records of the art are almost blank, Rysbrack and Roubilliac, two foreigners, executing such monuments as were desired." This is a truly astonishing statement. The "records of the art" during this period of alleged sculptural darkness, include, amongst a good many others, the names of Nicholas Stone, Hubert Le Sœur (whose equestrian statue of Charles I. at Whitehall we respectfully commend to the author's notice), Caius Cibber, and even a man called Grinling Gibbons.

* * *

"Sicily in Shadow and in Sun." By MAUD HOWE. (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE chief interest of Miss Howe's book is the account it gives of the relief work undertaken by the American citizens at Rome on behalf of the sufferers from the Messina earthquake. The first expedition, under the charge of Major Landis, was despatched a few days after the earthquake, and excellent work was done in providing food and medical necessities, and in putting up temporary cottages. Conversations with the survivors, and their narratives, which occupy a good deal of the book, give a vivid picture of the scene of desolation and of the wretched state of the people. But although Miss Howe's descriptions are sometimes impressive, her general tone savors too much of the special correspondent. Thus, one of her characters, "the representative of a great English newspaper," is depicted as "steady at his post, his finger on the pulse of Europe," toiling, without food or sleep, in order that "his words—words that would sway a nation, influence a world—should be the wisest, the best words that it was possible for him to say." It is a pity that Miss Howe allows herself to spoil an otherwise attractive piece of work by absurdities of this nature.

* * *

"Parisian Portraits." By FRANCIS GRIERSON. (Stephen Swift. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. GRIERSON'S two former volumes of essays showed that he possesses a decided critical gift and a faculty for seizing upon the significance of new literary forces, combined with a certain preciosity in style and an air of con-

tempt for the opinion of the general public, which he probably acquired from his French literary friends. These two latter qualities are less marked in "Parisian Portraits"; but, on the other hand, Mr. Grierson makes statements that require more to support them than he gives us. Thus, in the opening essay he lays down the theory that the full force of the elder Dumas' novels is to be found in his presentation of the world of occultism. Mr. Grierson tells us that, on his meeting Dumas in 1869, he asked the novelist what were his beliefs about a future life. "He looked at me with the calm expression of one who had long since made up his mind. The answer was: 'I believe in magnetism.' He sat impassive, without moving an eyebrow or raising a finger." Mr. Grierson accordingly came to the conclusion that magnetism was the keynote of many of Dumas' novels and the keynote of Dumas' life. Apart from one or two judgments of this sort, which most readers will dismiss as eccentricities, the eleven essays that make up the little book are acute and suggestive criticism. Verlaine, Sully Prudhomme, Mallarmé, Leconte de Lisle, and Princess Helene Racowitza are some of those whose portraits Mr. Grierson draws, in several cases adding personal touches that add to the interest of the volume.

* * *

"Romance and Reality." By HOLBROOK JACKSON. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

WE like Mr. Holbrook Jackson better when he writes about men and books than when he describes nature, and his own feelings about it. There is a hint of determination to enjoy the country and the open air at all costs in these latter descriptions, and a suggestion that there is something particularly praiseworthy in this attitude. We may be doing Mr. Jackson an injustice, and he may reply with reason that an essayist's business is simply to write down his own moods and feelings. But he seems to us to do this with far greater effect in the section of his book which he calls "Introductions." These are a series of impressionist studies of M. Maeterlinck, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Robert Blatchford, and Madame Pavlova. Mr. Jackson gives himself up to his mood, and though his method forces him to dwell upon a single aspect of his subject, he presents this aspect with force and vividness. The book has also a good appreciation of Mr. Rothenstein's lithographic portraits, a thoughtful essay on "Playthings," and an impressive sketch called "Hunger-tameness."

* * *

"Through the Alps to the Apennines." By P. G. KONODY. (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. KONODY has written an account of a tour of 2,400 miles, which he has recently made on the Continent in a thirty horse-power motor-car. Leaving London, he crossed the Channel by Folkestone and Boulogne, and made his way by the most direct route to the Little St. Bernard and the Italian frontier. Among the Italian towns visited were Genoa, Spezia, Lucca, Pisa, Siena, Assisi, Perugia, and Florence, and from Italy he came home by the Bremner Pass, Innsbruck, Munich, Metz, Sedan, and Valenciennes. Mr. Konody points out the advantages of motoring as a means of seeing places off the track of the ordinary tourist, and he gives pleasant glimpses of some places a step or two out of the ordinary track, such as San Gimignano and Volterra, which he strangely calls "the most inaccessible town of any importance in Europe." A good deal of information is given about the state of the roads, troubles with tyres, and other matters that interest motorists, but the book is one which the general reader can handle with pleasure. It is illustrated from photographs, and from some clever pencil sketches by Mr. E. A. Rickards.

* * *

"The Natural History Museum." By W. P. PYCRAFT. (Wells Gardner. 2s. 6d. net.)

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reptiles which seized the same pigeon, with the result that the one whose preliminary bite was the larger had to consume both the pigeon and his fellow-snake? Or whose young imagination could fail to be touched by the romance of the sea-faring eel, or by the globe fish which, when it takes breath, inflates not merely its chest, but its whole body? However, Mr. Pycraft's appeal is just as much to the grown-up reader. The average visitor to the Natural History Museum is rarely capable of taking an intelligent interest in its individual contents, and still less capable of co-ordinating these so as to form a correct notion of their evolutionary meaning. A dull wonder at what appears to him to be isolated curiosities is generally his position; while his investigations, if he makes any, are apt to lead him into a confusing maze of abstract science and technical terms. To anyone in such a difficulty this book will be a most valuable cicerone, sound in matter and homely in style, and illustrated by Mr. Edwin Noble with direct and forceful black and white. Mr. Noble can extract the character essence of birds, beasts, and fishes with a sureness worthy of Barge or Swan, and his drawings are an admirable addition to the photographic illustrations.

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ANXIETY has been felt in the City for several weeks about the Yorkshire Penny Bank. It has been responsible for much of the recent dullness on the Stock Markets, depressing Consols, and it has also restricted business in the Money Market. It has been the principal cause of the rise of the discount rate to 27-16 per cent.; and bankers have been none too anxious to lend money at the present low rate of 1 per cent. for call loans, until the situation is cleared up. The nature of the arrangement made about the bank, to which I refer below, had been anticipated for some days. But even when its reassuring character became known there remained the evil influence of Morocco, and the sudden outbreak of the Dock Strike. It has been a troubled week, and it is a good thing that it is already holiday time. There are fewer people to worry. Business on the Stock Exchange has been quite stagnant; and prices have fallen with a quiet regularity.

THE YORKSHIRE PENNY BANK.

There is a sharp division of opinion in the City about the wisdom of the scheme for reconstituting this, the largest of the non-official savings banks. Some say that anything is better than a "run" and a crisis; and that in the interests, not only of the depositors, but of the banking community, and, through it, of the public as a whole, the action of the Bank of England and the banks which have supported it is justified. Others maintain that every institution of the sort should stand or fall by itself. To assist one, it is argued, is to encourage other less reputable concerns to come into the field. If the Bank of England uses its semi-official authority in one case and not in another, there will be complaints of favoritism; and how can it make itself responsible for all the savings banks in the country which get into difficulties by methods of business which are unsound, however well

meant? In view of the magnitude of the liabilities involved, eighteen millions; of the class of depositors, thrifty industrial Yorkshiremen; and of the severe injury to general credit which would have resulted from any mishap, the ayes must have it, if for this occasion only. Other smaller and less well-conducted institutions, which expect similar aid from the great banks in case of need, would make a great miscalculation of the patience and benevolence of the banking world.

PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENTS.

The President of the Yorkshire Penny Bank is the Earl of Harewood; its Vice-Presidents are Lord Grimthorpe, the Marquis of Zetland, the Earl of Scarborough, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Wharncliffe, and Mr. W. Sheepshanks. The Bank has, in addition, a board of directors, so that its officers have no doubt not concerned themselves intimately with its management. But the association of their names with it must have had a strong influence with depositors. It is human nature that those ignorant of finance should attach more importance to a ducal Vice-President than to a Reserve Fund. It requires some knowledge to see that an earl is an insufficient substitute for liquid assets. It is, therefore, pertinent to ask what responsibility for the finances of the bank is accepted by the President and Vice-Presidents, and to what extent does their acceptance of the position imply a formal approval of its methods of business? Further, are they sharing in the burden of the banks which are subscribing £2,000,000 of capital for their institution, and guaranteeing a further sum? There is no question but that the association of these noblemen and gentlemen with the bank is a pure benevolence but it is a benevolence which involves heavy responsibilities.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE STANDARD OIL TRUST.

Wall Street allows itself to be diverted by the outcome of the decision of the Supreme Court that the Standard Oil Trust is an illegal combination, and must be dissolved. Terrible convulsions were prophesied. All that has happened is a simple announcement by the Trust that the stock of its subsidiary companies will be distributed forthwith *pro rata* amongst its stockholders, and that the distribution will be finished by the New Year. The legal dissolution will, in fact, have little practical effect. The stock of the subsidiaries will be held in future by the stockholders of the Trust directly instead of indirectly through the Trust. But substantially the stock will be in the hands of the same people as before, with the same interests in the same proportions. The controlling minds will no doubt also be the same, elected several times over as directors of various companies, instead of once, as directors of the Trust. In the meanwhile, the Tobacco Trust has postponed paying a dividend on its Common Stock, pending its reorganisation on the same lines. The Government is going to appeal against the decision in favor of the amalgamation between the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific; but the Corporations in question appear confident as to the result, and their stocks have not been weaker than other American railroad securities.

THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.

The City, if it thinks about it at all, thinks that the Laurier Government will win the Canadian elections, and that the Reciprocity Agreement will go through. Changing opinions about the outlook affect, in Wall Street, the lines which have important north and south connections with Canada and the States—Mr. Hill's lines, the Great Northern, and the Northern Pacific. The Canadian Pacific was supposed to be seeking an agreement with the Erie Railroad with a view to the increased international traffic which would result from Reciprocity, but this it positively denies. There is an alarmist rumor in circulation that the manufacturers of Eastern Canada will organise a slump in Canadian securities as a demonstration against the Government. Probably they have neither the organisation nor the financial reserves which make such demonstrations so formidable in New York. A feigned crisis in Canada would be only too likely to turn into the real article. Nothing is more unlikely than that Canadian manufacturers will do anything just now wantonly to shake the confidence of the British investor, on whom they are wholly dependent for fresh capital.

LUCCELLUM.

THRELFALL'S BREWERY COMPANY (LTD.)

THE Twenty-fourth Annual General Meeting was held on Thursday, the 3rd inst., at the Cannon Street Hotel; Mr. Peter Joseph Feeny, J.P., presiding.

Before calling upon the Secretary to read the notice convening the meeting, the Chairman said he would like to explain that he had just been called upon to preside over the meeting, as their Chairman, Mr. Charles Threlfall, had had rather a severe attack of asthma, and had consequently lost his voice. He was sure he was expressing the kind thoughts of his brother directors, and also the wish of all the shareholders present, that Mr. Charles Threlfall might have a speedy and complete recovery.

The Secretary having read the notice calling the meeting, the auditors' report, the report of the directors and the accounts were taken as read.

The Chairman said: "Gentlemen, it is highly gratifying to me to be in the position to submit to you such a satisfactory report of our business for the past year. We have treated our accounts in the same way as we did last year, but in comparing them it will be necessary for you to take into consideration that we have had to pay the increased licence duties under the Finance Act for the full year. Our profit from trading account this year is £185,598 0s. 11d. against £173,142 13s. 9d. last year, being an increase of £12,455 7s. 2d. We have written off for depreciation the sum of £30,105 1s. 11d. against £25,615 4s. 9d. last year, an increase of £4,489 17s. 2d., added £1,000 to workmen's compensation fund, written off £885 14s. 4d. expenses in connection with our Debenture stock issue, and we carry forward to next year the substantial sum of £38,098 14s. 8d.

With respect to the issue we have made of a portion of our Debenture stock, I should like to say that many of our large depositors intimated to us that they were willing to accept this stock in exchange for their deposits at market price, and we accordingly notified the whole of our Debenture stockholders to that effect, giving them the opportunity to make application, with the result that we allotted £350,000 at £80 per £100 stock, which was then the market price. We received in cash or in exchange for deposits the sum of £280,000, and the discount, £70,000, has been taken from the reserve fund. This issue was made without paying any commission whatever, the only expenses incurred being the sum of £885 14s. 4d., which included £625 for stamping the Debenture trust deed, the remaining £260 14s. 4d. being for printing, postages, clerical work, &c. I am sure you will agree with me that by adopting this course your directors have materially strengthened the financial *status* of the company.

Gentlemen, to present such a satisfactory report of our business in these troublous times is very pleasing indeed to me, and I am sure we all feel that it is due, to a very great extent, to the able management of our excellent managing director, Mr. George Barker, who spares neither time nor energy in promoting the welfare of our company. I have now pleasure in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, and that dividends be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares and at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the year ended 30th June, 1911.

Mr. George Barker seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. G. Barker then proposed the re-election of the retiring directors, Mr. Charles Threlfall, J.P., and Mr. William Griffin.

Captain Charles Morris Threlfall seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The auditors, Messrs. Broads, Paterson & Co., having been re-elected,

Mr. Buszard, K.C., proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the Directors, and the employees for the admirable way in which they had managed the affairs of the company during the past year. When other brewery companies were talking about amalgamation and writing down capital, and generally showing that their affairs were in by no means a flourishing state, it must be very gratifying to the shareholders of their company to have such a satisfactory balance-sheet presented to them.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Oakshott, and unanimously agreed to.

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